The Outlook

NOVEMBER 14, 1923

THE ELECTIONS

WHETHER the elections this month indicate any general political tendency can be determined only by a careful study of the election returns as they become available later. Certain aspects of the votes, however, are of National interest. The fact that a Republican Senator was elected in Vermont does not seem significant, except that the campaign of his Democratic opponent against prohibition, which Senator-elect Dale has supported, proved quite futile. The re-election of Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, and the election of Mr. W. F. Kendrick, the Republican candidate, as Mayor of Philadelphia can hardly be considered unexpected. The success of the Democrats in Kentucky was noteworthy, particularly in the Fifth Congressional District, where a Republican plurality of over 12,000 votes for President Harding in 1920 was turned into a plurality for the Democratic Congressional nominee.

In New York Tammany displayed its control over the metropolis. But in the rest of the State the Republican gain possibly indicated a revulsion of feeling against the Democratic repeal of the State law enforcing National prohibition, though other issues were involved.

Chiefly of interest, however, have been the votes on subjects not distinctively political. In particular, there were three proposals before the voters of New York State, in which all public-spirited Americans ought to be interested. One provided for the turning over of water powers of State forest reserves to the danger of private exploitation. That, popularly called "the Adirondack grab," was defeated. Another provided for home rule for cities. Although drawn in such a way as not to be perfectly clear to all voters, it was adopted. This virtually enables cities to decide their own questions without any interference of the Legislature. The third significant proposal was one empowering the Legislature to provide a bonus for war veterans without regard to their need. Though the wisdom of this bonus is more than dubious, the lively appreciation of the people for the services of the men who took part in the war was shown by the vote in the affirmative.

A RACE THAT WAS NOT A RACE

AGAIN the Fishermen's Race has ended in disappointment and confusion. Last year the fishermen from Gloucester and Lunenburg had an unhappy time over the misreading of the Committee's signals or the indecisiveness of the Committee's decisions—it has never been quite clear to the general public as to which was at fault.

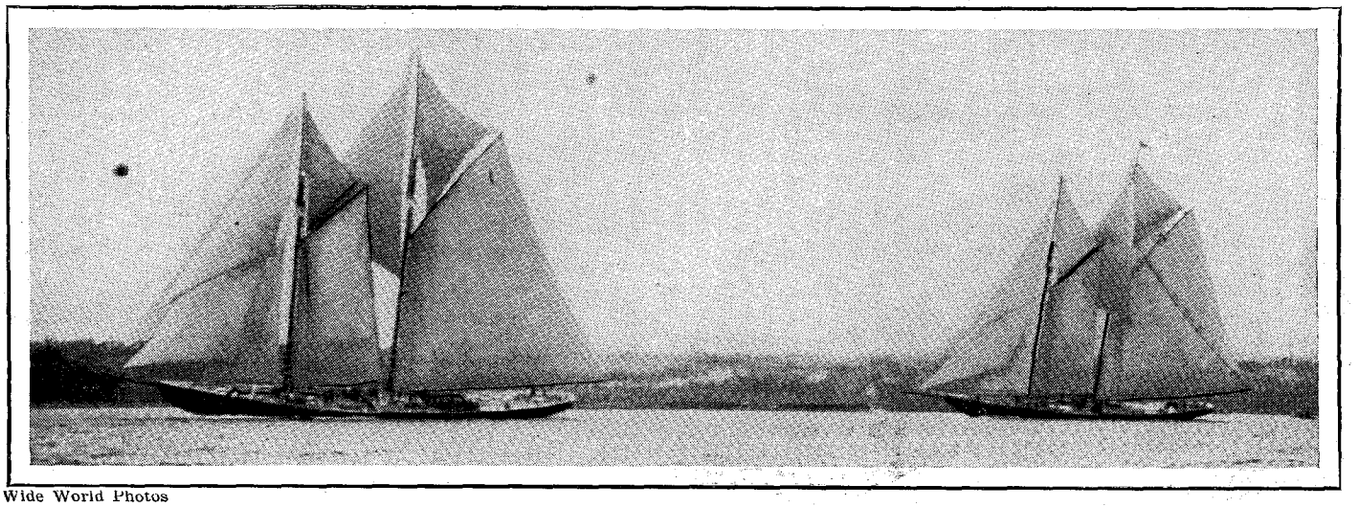
This year the first race went to the Canadian schooner Bluenose. The second was awarded to the Gloucester schooner Columbia, on the ground that the Bluenose passed on the wrong side of a buoy in the course of the race. Bluenose crossed the finish line ahead of her Yankee rival, and her captain, much to his own later regret, refused to race again. The captain of the Gloucester schooner declined to take advantage of the offer of the racing committee to sail over the course alone for a third race, and thereby win the trophy.

The misadventures of the Fishermen's Race for the past two years have recalled the days when Lord Dunraven came in search of the America's Cup. All of which goes to show that sportsmanship, either good or bad, is not a monopoly of any particular portion of the population.

THEY THAT GO DOWN TO THE SEA

A FEW weeks ago a squadron of destroyers piled up on the rocks near Honda Point, in southern California. In that crash the Government lost vessels worth thirteen million dollars and twenty-three lives which were beyond price.

The officers in command of these vessels had spent their lives in the service of their country. Doubtless they all hoped to end their lives in the honorable uniform of naval officers. Then out of the fog loomed up the unexpected shore and the fate of seamen who lose their vessels stared them in the face. For more than a month a court of inquiry has been sitting upon the cases of the naval officers responsible for the disaster. It has recommended the court-martialing of eleven men, two of whom it commends for coolness, intelligence, seamanlike ability, and bravery after the tragedy occurred. In the findings of the court of inquiry two vivid pictures are given of the standards of naval tradition. Admiral Pratt, in reply to the plea



Wide World Photos

THE BLUENOSE AND THE COLUMBIA IN THE FIRST RACE—THE BLUENOSE LEADING

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that the commanders of the individual vessels were only following the orders of the squadron commander, said:

"Nothing can replace the use of sound common sense on the part of the subordinate, and if he is not furnished with sufficient information by his leader to absolutely safeguard his own unit or to effectively carry out the plan he must ask for it himself, and, failing in this, he must use every effort of his own to obtain it in order to better execute the general plan, and by so doing aid the efforts of the leader. This is imperative and is believed to be much more in accordance with destroyer and fleet doctrine than to blindly follow the leader."

The second picture is perhaps less comprehensible to the average civilian mind, but it deals with a practice the wisdom of which has been proved. It is a Spartan rule, but it has doubtless meant the saving of thousands of lives.

Admiral Pratt said: "The traditions of the sea are strong, the ideals high, the rules which seafaring men set for themselves rigid and hard. Only by living up to the most rigid standards may the lives of women and children entrusted to the care of seafaring men be safeguarded as far as human effort may make them safe.

"If a captain loses his ship, he loses his command even when attending circumstances point entirely to his complete exoneration from blame. The Navy can do no less. Each captain that loses his ship must bear a responsibility due to that loss. Even though a court honorably acquits him of blame he must first assume the responsibility for the ship he commanded. Only by maintaining this standard can the high ideals and traditions of the Navy be preserved."

There are times when apparent injustice to an individual is necessary for the sake of a larger justice. But the tragedy of a commander who loses his vessel does not lose its poignancy because of its familiarity to those who go down to the sea.

RESTRAINING THE RUM FLEET

ACCORDING to reports, the American and British Governments have agreed upon mutual concessions which will enable them to co-operate in abolishing the rum fleet off the American coast.

Adventurers, largely British, who have engaged in smuggling liquor into the United States have felt themselves free from molestation because they have been operating outside the three-mile limit, and therefore outside of what is commonly supposed to be the jurisdiction of the United States.

Under international law the American Government would have the right to act outside that three-mile limit under certain circumstances. For example, if Great Britain, after a reasonable period for action and after due notice from the United States, fails to co-operate with this country to prevent her territory or her flag from covering or facilitating assaults upon the safety of America, including violations of laws considered necessary for the Nation's well-being, America has the right to act herself and to prevent the abuse. Before America does so, however, she must be sure that the abuse is sufficiently important to justify serious action. In our opinion, the existence of the rum fleet off our coast is such a serious abuse. On the other hand, America must be sure that in the exercise of her police powers in her own waters she does not abuse her rights. The British Government evidently feels that in preventing liquor from coming into our ports even under seal we are abusing our rights.

Under these circumstances, each nation is called upon to make concessions. Such concessions can be made by treaty. By the one which is under consideration, as we understand it, American authorities would have the right to detain and examine British-owned ships suspected of rum running even on the high seas, and, reciprocally, British vessels would have the right to bring liquor into American ports provided it remained under seal.

LET STATE AND NATION WORK TOGETHER

THE interchange of letters between Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, and Secretary Mellon of the Treasury will be of value in making the public see clearly the need of full co-operation between State and Nation if the enforcement of prohibition is not to be farcical.

Governor Pinchot says frankly, and almost violently, that, in his judgment, the Nation is not doing its full duty in suppressing the flow of liquor at its source. He puts this in a simple figure when he says: "The suppression of places where liquor is sold is like trying to fill the holes of the sprinkler of a water-cart. Why not turn off the hydrant?"

Governor Pinchot points out truly that to stop and punish violation of the law rests with the Federal power in the largest aspects of the trouble. The local manufacture and distribution of liquor is insignificant; the main body of liquor which is distributed through bootleggers, big and little, comes either by smuggling from outside the country (and this of course is a matter for the Federal Government) or from the improper or careless release of liquor and beer from the big distilleries and breweries, where again the Federal Government is paramount. In one of his letters the Governor goes so far as to speak of "the present Federal system of enforcement, which all America knows to be defective, inefficient, and a breeder of corruption." Before that he had asserted roundly: "You, as Secretary of the Treasury, have the power to cut this flood off at the source by revoking these permits and by refusing to issue others except upon conditions sufficient, with honest enforcement, to make violations substantially impossible. I, as Governor of Pennsylvania, have no such power."

What Governor Pinchot calls the "breakdown of Federal prohibition enforcement in Pennsylvania" arises, according to him, from the vast quantities of alcohol coming from plants operating under Federal permits; if a wrong-doer is convicted and fined and still left in possession of the power to issue liquor on permits, the law becomes futile.

In reply, Secretary Mellon insists that the Federal authorities are doing everything in their power against law violation and quotes figures and facts in proof. That enforcement is not perfect, says Mr. Mellon, is due to the fact that the appropriation ($8,500,000) allows for a force of only 700 administrative employees and 1,522 men in the field, so that this force (one-eighth the size of the police force of New York) must cover all the work in the forty-eight States and four Territories. Mr. Mellon also insists that the Governor of Pennsylvania, or any State, has larger powers than Governor Pinchot assumes, and practically intimates that Governor Pinchot is ignorant of the facts in the case.

All this plainly shows the need of forming, in the gigantic task of enforcement, a union between State authorities, Federal executive authority, and Congress. The co-operation needed from Congress is perhaps not so much through legislation as in furnishing adequate funds.

The Federal power must deal with smuggling from outside the United States. It has just gained a concession that should reduce ocean smuggling. But it has still to deal effectively with the increase in land smug-

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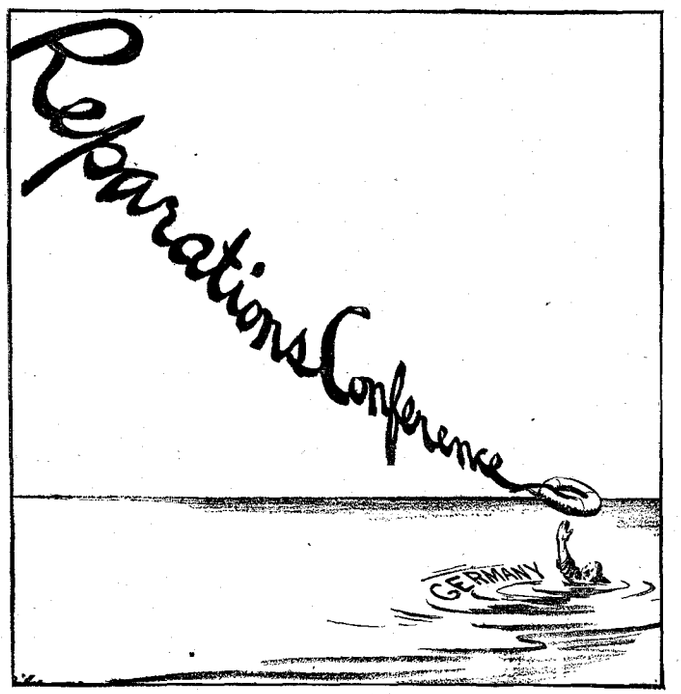
I'LL AID THEE TEAR FOR TEAR

(3 Henry VI, Act II, Scene 5)

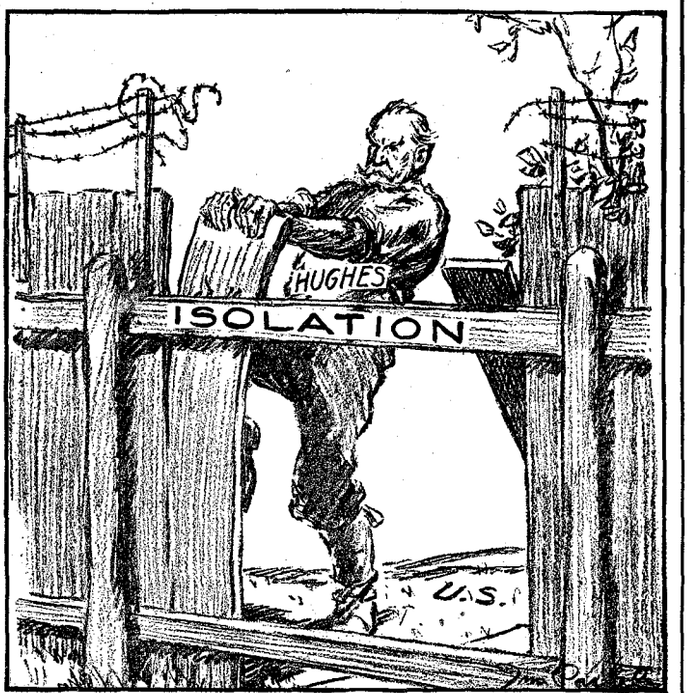
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



A LIFE LINE

From Alice G. Boyden, St. Louis, Mo.

Cassel in the New York Evening World



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AN OPENING

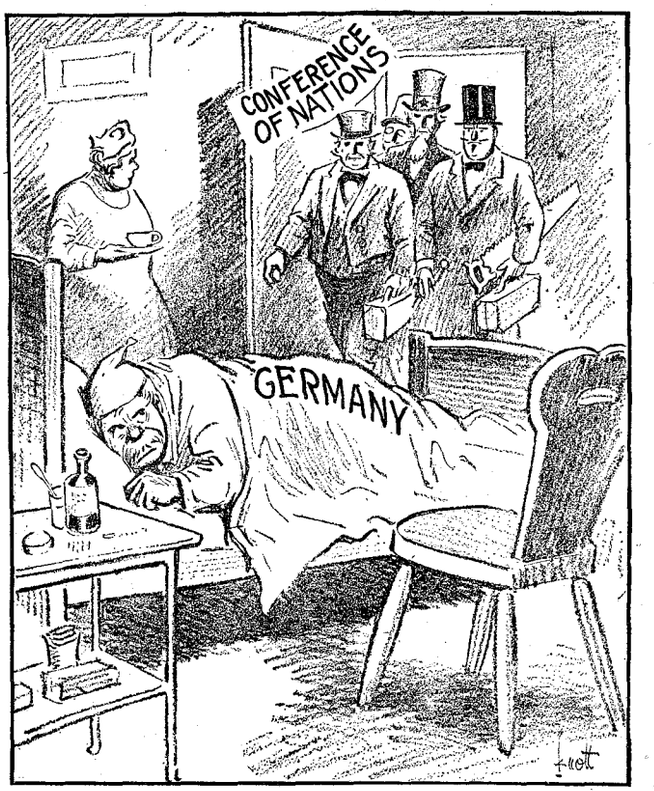
From Dora Albert, New York City

Darling in the Des Moines Register

LET'S HOPE IT ISN'T TOO LATE

From Philip Lovrien, Humboldt, Iowa

Knott in the Dallas Morning News



HOPING THE DOCTORS AGREE THIS TIME

From J. K. Smith, Palestine, Texas

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gling. A press despatch states that vast quantities of alcoholic drinks are pouring over the Canadian border; that the recent increase has been astonishing; that about $2,000,000 worth of liquor comes in this way annually, of which only ten per cent is intercepted; while over the two-hundred-mile stretch of border between the two countries only thirty Federal officers are employed.

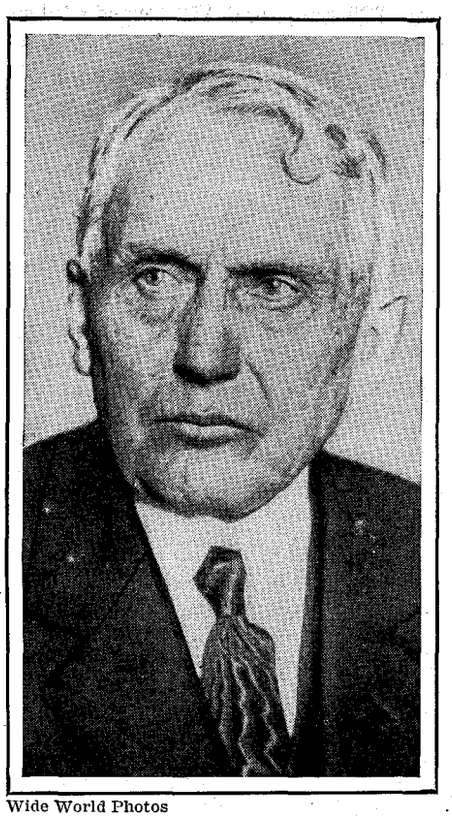
F. B. KELLOGG, AMBASSADOR TO BE

GREAT BRITAIN has approved and the President has announced the appointment of Frank B. Kellogg, of Minnesota, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Colonel Harvey, whom Mr. Kellogg (if his appointment is confirmed by the Senate) will succeed, resigned some time ago. He has evidently served acceptably, and comes home with the good will of the British. He was an appointee of President Harding. It is hard to imagine that he will remain long out of the rough and tumble of politics after he returns.

Mr. Kellogg is very different in temperament from his predecessor. He has not the gift—a dangerous one—for the biting phrase or the liking of adventure on the borders of the indiscreet. In manner he is quiet and unassuming. As a Senator he was unquestionably able; but he did not, and could not, adapt himself to the radical spirit that prevailed in Minnesota at the time of the campaign for re-election. He has been called by those who sympathize with his opponents in Minnesota a reactionary. This seems a strange term to apply to a man who first gained National reputation as a "trust buster." It was Frank B. Kellogg who was special counsel of the United States in the case against the Standard Oil Company and in the suit to dissolve the merger between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. He was one of the most important and able supporters of President Roosevelt.

Some curiosity has been expressed as to the political reason for the appointment. Against the idea that it was actuated by the President's desire to have a Western man in what is regarded as the premier ambassadorial position is placed the objection that no political advantage can come from appointing a Western man who has lost contact with his constituents. There are reasons, however, for the appointment which are not political. Mr. Kellogg has served on the Senate



Wide World Photos

FRANK B. KELLOGG, NEWLY APPOINTED AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

Committee on Foreign Relations, and is therefore conversant with problems of foreign affairs. He is a cultivated gentleman. He has proved his legal ability and his understanding of public questions in a long public career. He has served a term as President of the American Bar Association. He has the means which will enable him to serve in a post where he will not be adequately remunerated. It is conceivable that the President had some of these qualifications in mind when he made his appointment.

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF TURKEY

IT has been common knowledge for some time that the leaders of the Nationalist Turkish movement were in favor of establishing a republican form of government for the New Turkey. It was equally well understood that the head of the new Government would inevitably be Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Two weeks ago these purposes were formally carried into effect through a unanimous vote of the National Assembly at Angora. Turkey to-day is a republic and Kemal is its first president. The old Ottoman Empire has ceased to exist. Angora, the capital of the national Government in its inception and warlike activities, is apparently to be the permanent national capital.

The world will wish well to the new republic. That Turkey has to a large extent evaded punishment for its part in the World War was due quite as much to the ability and force of its new leaders as it was to the lack of unity and decision among the Allies on the whole Near Eastern question.

Kemal Pasha, not only as a military commander who knew how to seize opportunity but as a man of modern governmental ideas, has a great opportunity and appears to be far removed from the criminal and cruel methods of Enver and his accomplices, who seized the Government in war time under the misleading pretense of representing Young Turkey. The party which assumed that name was far from being a true advocate of reform or advanced ideas. With Kemal in the new régime will be associated Ismet Pasha and the other leaders who so vigorously and victoriously presented the Turkish claims at the Lausanne Conferences.

President Kemal will rule under a constitution, but the Assembly at Angora has assumed the right to revise the old Turkish Constitution, which had already become a thing of shreds and patches, so as to give their chief executive large powers. One newspaper comment on the situation is that Kemal will have more constitutional privileges, and therefore more personal power, than any other president in Europe. Kemal will appoint his own Premier and will be the head of the National Assembly, the Government, and the army. If he cannot hold his own with these advantages, he is a weaker man than is generally believed. But even more conducive to the success of his Presidency is the fact that he is to the Turks a hero and conqueror such as they have not had for many, many years.

IS THIS MILITARISM?

NO people is less militaristic than the English. Civilians in England are supreme over military authorities, as they are in this country. The mere use of military power is not militarism, and we Americans, as well as the English, ought cordially to recognize that fact.

It is said that the French are militaristic because they have sent troops into the Ruhr to enforce their will there. Indeed, France has been cited as not merely militaristic, but inhumanly so. No one appears to suspect the British of militarism. It therefore may be enlightening to make a comparison between the forces sent into the Ruhr by France and the

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forces sent to the Near East by Great Britain.

In each case the forces are deemed necessary to bring about the triumph of governmental policy in the region involved.

France sent into the Ruhr 45,000 combatant troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The artillery comprised 88 guns, of which twelve batteries were 75's and ten batteries 155's. Thirty tanks were included in the forces, but no airplanes were sent to the Ruhr.

When England rushed forces to the Near East, she did her usual thorough job. Her naval forces included 9,000 men, 220 guns, and 176 torpedo tubes manning four superdreadnoughts, four light cruisers, four flotilla leaders, 26 destroyers, and two airplane carriers. Her military forces—infantry, cavalry, marines, civil engineers, and artillery—numbered 25,000 men. This latter force included seven field artillery batteries, two mounted batteries, eight heavy artillery batteries, and two extra heavy, or siege, artillery batteries—in all, 140 guns. Above all this were nine squadrons of the Royal Air Force with 108 military and naval planes.

Further, on March 15, 1923—that is, at the moment when the German resistance in the Ruhr reached its maximum point, and when all danger of a conflict with Turkey had disappeared—the French and British military efforts stood in this ratio: France had in the Ruhr 40,000 men, 88 guns, and 30 tanks; England had in the Near East 34,000 men, 360 guns, and 108 airplanes. Included in this force were the crews of 40 warships.

(C) Underwood

THE FIRST PRESIDENT AND THE "FIRST LADY" OF THE REPUBLIC OF TURKEY—KEMAI PASHA AND HIS WIFE

At the present moment the French forces in the Ruhr are backed by the army of the occupation of the Rhine—that is, 70,000 men; while the English fleet in the Near East leans upon a reinforcement of a squadron of capital ships, five superdreadnoughts, and two battle-cruisers, based on Malta and Gibraltar. This reinforcement was sent into the Mediterranean for a purpose explained by the Lords of the Admiralty in the London "Times" of March 13, 1923, as follows:

> The temporary reinforcement of the Mediterranean fleet was only the first step in our gradual return to a more normal distribution of the navy, after the abnormal concentration in home waters that was imposed on us by the German menace. The main task of the Navy was not to act as a body-guard to the United Kingdom, but to keep open everywhere the seas whose freedom was our very life breath. The navy must be free to go anywhere.

It should be noted that this decentralization of the fleet is just taking place after a period of 52 months, during which time Germany has had no fleet and has not been a naval menace to any Power, least of all to Great Britain, Mistress of the Seas.

When it is considered that France is in the Ruhr to enforce a solemn agreement, the Versailles Treaty, and to secure her just dues—just by common agreement among the Allied Powers, of which England is one—and to force payment of certain of the vast sums allotted by the Treaty for the rehabilitation of the shattered provinces of northern France, crushed by Germany with what frightfulness she could command, it does not seem that the French forces are unduly augmented.

On the other hand, now that the Treaties of Lausanne are in full effect and Turkey is on the road to peaceful national rehabilitation, it is a matter of conjecture why England maintains such large forces in the Near East. She is not there to collect just payments due her under any known treaty, she is not particularly menaced by any Power in that part of the world.

If the British insist that the French

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forces in the Ruhr are evidence of French imperialism and militarism, is it not necessary for the British to explain to themselves and to the rest of the world why their forces in the Near East should not be looked upon with suspicion? But if England in the Near East is not militaristic and imperialistic, what reason have Americans or the English people for calling France in the Ruhr imperialistic and militaristic?

POINCARÉ'S RESPONSE

FRANCE had the choice between two ways of replying to the American proposal of a commission of experts to determine Germany's capacity to pay reparations. She has chosen one of the two ways. We think it is the better one.

On the one hand, she might have cordially assented with mental reservations. On the other hand, she might have, and she has, stated openly reservations with which she does accept. The first way might have made a better impression in this country, but would have led to friction later. The second way has caused some disappointment in this country, but has reduced to a minimum the chance for future disappointment.

As M. Poincaré expressed it, in reply to Lord Crewe, the British Ambassador to France, when he pointed out the importance of American co-operation, the most important things are "clarity and loyalty." It would be a mistake, the French Premier believes, to have the experts meet and then find their work obstructed because of a misunderstanding of French ideas concerning their function. Perhaps some of the experiences in the Peace Conference, when plans were put through with every expectation of future co-operation and then were frustrated because they were not fully understood at the start, may have led the French Premier to make clear now his Government's conditions. These are that it will not be the business of the expert commission to fix the amount of reparations and that there will be no discussion raising the question of the occupation of the Ruhr.

It is evident from these conditions that the French Premier does not propose to allow this inquiry to be used for the purpose of imposing a policy upon France.

The United States has set upon this inquiry the condition that there should be no discussion of Interallied debts. The French Government believes that in turn it has the right to make its acceptance of this inquiry conditional. To the American Government the condition which it has placed upon the inquiry seems obviously necessary. Americans should understand that to the French Government its conditions seem equally necessary.

None of the conditions prevent the inquiry from serving a good purpose. If it is composed of men who are willing to consider Germany's capacity to pay without any regard to the political consequences that might follow Germany's payment to her capacity or any desire to make France bear Germany's burdens, the committee of experts may do much in outlining a plan which may show Germany how she can undertake to fulfill her obligations. It will be very difficult to keep political questions out of the minds of the experts who engage in it; just as it will be difficult to keep out of the minds of both the French and the English experts all questions of Interallied debts in discussing reparations. The fact that the task is difficult, however, does not render it impossible; but it is certain that no good can come out of the inquiry if any nation, America included, has the idea that it can use it for any ulterior purpose.

WHAT MORE IS REQUIRED?

NO better definition of the whole duty of man has ever been made than that which was written over 2,600 years ago. It is put in the form of a question, and no one has yet suggested that anything be added to it:

"He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

It is something more than justice, mercy, and humility that is required; and in some respects something less. It is the doing of justice, the loving of mercy, and the walking in humility. If nothing more than this is required of man, then it is worth while noting what is not required of man.

It is not required that a man—or a nation—should love justice, but simply to do it. And the corollary is true that man and nations are required to do justice whether they like to do it or not. It is distressing sometimes to do the just thing when we prefer to do the easier thing. Sometimes it seems as if the distressing thing must be the wrong thing because it is distressing. But distressing or not, according to Micah's statement, we are required to do it if it is just.

It is not required that men should always do the merciful thing, but it is required of them that they should love mercy. The reason why it is not required of men always to do the merciful thing is that, however much they may love mercy, they may not be able to exercise it if they are to be just. The governor that exercises mercy when mercy means injustice is not acting according to this definition of the whole duty of man. Mercy is contingent, not only upon those who are to exercise it, but also upon those on whom it is to be exercised. If we are to do justly whether we love justice or not, then whether we can do mercifully we must love mercy.

But this is not the whole duty. One thing still remains.

The man that is sure of his own just course and is sure of his own merciful inclination has no reason for self-complacency. And what is true of the man is true also of the nation. To walk in humility is a constant duty. The doing of justice may come occasionally, the loving of mercy may not always result in the possibility of doing mercy, but to be humble-minded is that part of human duty which is constant. It is righteousness, not self-righteousness, that exalteth a nation.

INDEPENDENCE BUT NOT INSULATION

ON all sides, as if by some grand collusion, have arisen appeals, demands, warnings, to one effect, that America should save Europe.

Lloyd George has just finished his spectacular visit to this country, and, departing, has asked America to join Britain in the task of rescuing Europe from impending ruin.

As Lloyd George departs Fridtjof Nansen arrives. "Europe," says this famous explorer as he lands, "feels grateful to America. The assistance extended by your country is unique in history. But Europe cannot expect to survive without more assistance. There must be a conference called speedily."

On the same day Senator La Follette, the most recent home-comer among American Senators and other legislative office-holders who have been surveying conditions abroad during this summer and autumn, arrives with an appeal to America to save the German Republic in particular and Europe

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in general from "possibilities too awful to contemplate."

On the same vessel comes the French Ambassador to the United States, honored by Americans as few men either American or foreign have been honored, and says, as quoted by a reporter, that the conditions in Europe are bound to work out well with the help of Heaven, but, asking when the good end will come, answers that America must decide.

Senator Borah, once considered the isolationist of isolationists, an irreconcilable of the irreconcilables, foremost perhaps among all those most earnest in demanding the withdrawal of America from any exceptional participation in European affairs, now renews the demands he has been making during the past few months for not only American participation in the most debatable and contentious of European questions, but for leadership in participation.

Visitors to Germany, like Senator Davenport whose articles about the conditions in the Ruhr we printed last month, and President Hibben, of Princeton, from whose address after his return we quoted recently, are in despair of any salvation for Europe except as it comes from America.

It is evident that America's service in the war has not been counted sufficient and that nations alike among our former associates and among our former enemies look enviously upon America's strength and wish in some way that they could have a share in it.

There are two traits in Americans which in these circumstances seem conflicting.

On the one hand, the generous and good-natured idealism of Americans make them want to help where help seems needed. Throughout the history of this country Americans have offered again and again not only money but personal service to other peoples who have suffered from earthquake, fire, pestilence, famine, or war. Americans do not easily harden their hearts. They do not easily bear grudges. When they hear of children suffering for food, they do not care whose children they are, they want to help. In very recent years there has been evidence of American aid to other peoples in Russia, China, Germany, France, the Near East, Italy, and Japan. And Americans' natural impulse to respond with offers of help is the same whether it is a request for food and clothing or for a loan of money or for political counsel and co-operation. It was in response to this impulse that Americans, under the guidance of an American President, undertook to help and even to direct an enterprise for organizing the League of Nations. The good-natured and generous idealism of the American people was captured by the thought of establishing by this means a new world order. Now it is Europe's economic troubles that seem to call for America's aid, and again the idealism of the American people impels them to accept invitations that come from Europe to help in restoring orderly processes and normal relations.

On the other side, and as deeply seated, is the conviction implanted in the American mind that as a government the United States must keep free from foreign entanglements. It is not a blind following of the traditional sayings of a Washington or a Jefferson that leads Americans to retain freedom of action for their Government in any foreign matters. It is rather a part of the American political doctrine. The whole conception of government in America is different from that which prevails in Europe. There is no country in Europe, no matter how democratic, which has the idea of sovereignty that controls American thought. It is so different from the European idea that even European statesmen, versed as they may be in the political systems of the world, seem unable to comprehend it. To the European statesman sovereignty involves authority over the people. In England sovereignty resides in a monarch and in his ministers. In France, likewise, sovereignty is a prerogative of government. Not so in America. Here sovereignty lies in the people. No government can deprive the people of their sovereignty or even exercise it apart from them. In Europe, therefore, a nation can become committed to international partnerships to which the American Government cannot commit the American people. It was out of this almost instinctive feeling of the people of America that the Monroe Doctrine grew. It was in response to this feeling of the people that the exuberant work of an American President and his advisers was disavowed.

If isolation means insulation, if it means that America is not to take part in world affairs, bear her share of world burdens, carry on with others world enterprises, draw more and more closely into world commerce, interchange ideas as well as goods, participate in all things as a member of the family of nations, then the American people will have nothing of isolation. But if isolation means independence, if it means retention of freedom from political involvements, if it means the maintenance of the right and the power to throw the weight of America now here, now there, as the best interests of America and the best interests of the world, as America understands them, may require, then the American people will not, in this generation at least or not in future that we can foresee, abandon their doctrine of isolation.

The American Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, has expressed America's repudiation of one idea of isolation but America's insistence on independence in the following words in a speech last August before the American Bar Association:

> Our attitude is one of independence, not of isolation. Our people are still intent upon abstaining from participation in the political strife of Europe. They are not disposed to commit this Government in advance to the use of its power in unknown contingencies, preferring to reserve freedom of action in the confidence of our ability and readiness to respond to every future call of duty. They have no desire to put their power in pledge, but they do not shirk co-operation with other nations whenever there is a sound basis for it and a consciousness of community of interest and aim. Co-operation is not dictation, and it is not partisanship. On our part it must be the co-operation of a free people drawing their strength from many racial stocks, and a co-operation that is made possible by a preponderant sentiment permitting governmental action under a system which denies all exercise of autocratic power.

Secretary Hughes has offered and France and Great Britain have accepted a plan by which America can be represented in a commission to study the questions of the reparations which Germany owes to France and Belgium primarily, and secondarily to Britain and other countries. Last January, when this proposal was first publicly under consideration in France and England, we pointed out that the very making of the proposal was proof that America was not indifferent to the plight of Europe, but that before anything could be done the political questions involved must be settled by the countries whose political interests were chiefly at stake. Americans will not willingly involve themselves in any undertaking which will play the political game of England against France or of France against England or of Germany against the rest of the world. In that respect the mass of the Ameri-

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can people are not pro-English, or pro-French, or pro-German; they are pro-American—that is, they believe that the fundamental business of America is to maintain its political independence. As we said then in January we now repeat: "As long as the problem in Europe was chiefly political, it was not possible for us to do much in the way of helping to untangle the economic snarls. Now, however, one of the most vexed of the political questions has been settled by the course that the French, the Italians, and the Belgians are pursuing. It may be that the occupation of the Ruhr will prove to be America's opportunity."

If, as the result of her experiences in the past few months, Germany has acquired the will to make restitution to the utmost and to assure security to her neighbors, the greatest political obstacle to the settlement of Europe's difficulties will disappear. But Germany's change of will must not merely be taken for granted; it must be proved.

To make any estimate of Germany's capacity to pay without assurance of Germany's will to pay is bound to be interpreted in Germany, England, and France as an effort to induce Germany to pay by lightening her burdens. The only way to relieve Germany of burdens is to leave those burdens resting upon France. Such an inquiry as the American Government has proposed can therefore easily be employed to circumscribe French power and foil French policies. It may be desirable from some points of view to do that; it is certainly desirable from the British point of view; that takes not an economic but a political purpose. If America wishes, quite contrary to her habit, to engage in such an operation as that, she ought to do so openly and not under the guise of an economic inquiry.

If our Government now recognizes, as we believe it should recognize, the utmost importance of avoiding political entanglement in Europe, perhaps the time for America's opportunity has arrived.

LLOYD GEORGE AND HIS VISIT

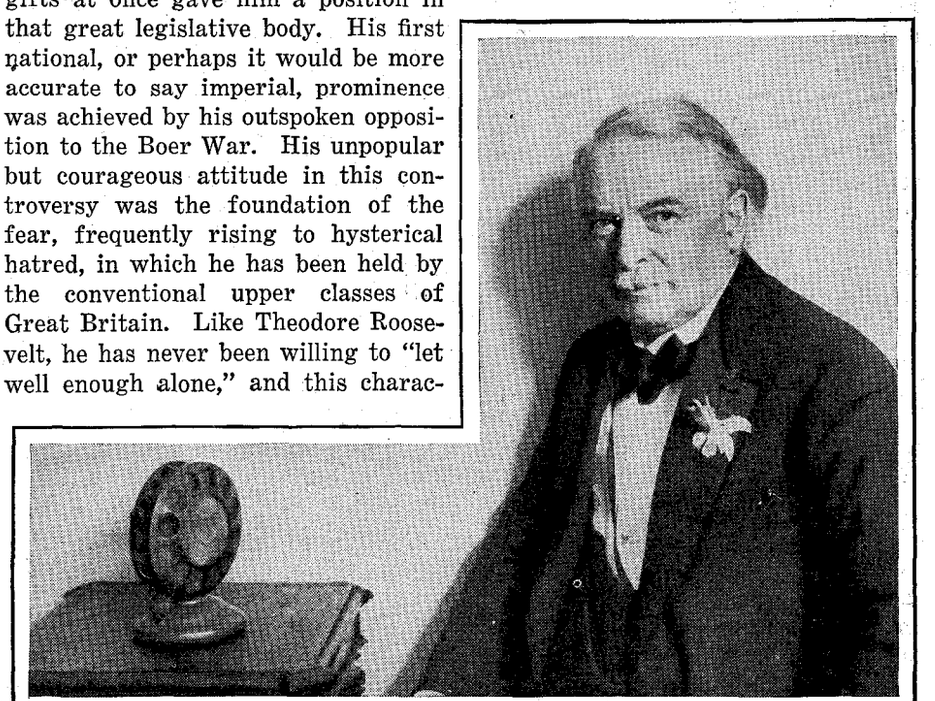
BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

THE poetic tradition about Lloyd George is that he is a Welshman born of as bookless an ancestry as Abraham Lincoln's. The fact is that he was born in Manchester, England, the son of a school-teacher and the grandson of a Baptist minister. While his father and mother were both of plain Welsh yeoman stock, there is nothing mysterious about his intellectual inheritance. His love of books and the argumentative thought which comes from books is quite as natural to him as the love of horses was to Lord Rosebery. He speaks as beautiful and well-intoned English as Lord Curzon. His culture is no more superficially laid on or acquired than that of any other contemporary British statesman. It is true that he did not go to Oxford or Cambridge, and that when his mother was left a widow his maternal uncle, who was a shoemaker in a Welsh village, helped him to get his education in a national school, or, as we should say, a public school. But he learned enough Latin and French to pass a law examination, and in 1879, when he was sixteen years old, he became an articled clerk in a law office in the small Welsh town of Portmadoc, which is on the coast of Carnarvonshire.

Like many young American lawyers in the same general situation, he early threw himself into politics, espousing, as was natural, the cause of popular rights. When he was twenty-seven years of age, he won a seat in Parliament, and his unquestioned oratorical gifts at once gave him a position in that great legislative body. His first national, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say imperial, prominence was achieved by his outspoken opposition to the Boer War. His unpopular but courageous attitude in this controversy was the foundation of the fear, frequently rising to hysterical hatred, in which he has been held by the conventional upper classes of Great Britain. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he has never been willing to "let well enough alone," and this characteristic in a politician or statesman has always been anathema in all countries to the property-holding classes, who do not want their comfort or their fixed habits disturbed. A man of this type, even if he is statesmanlike in his vision and in his grasp of the great forces of civilization, must be an astute politician. Lloyd George is no exception to the rule that governs the fortunes of leaders of men. He is an outstanding combination of high ideals and shrewd politics.

Before the European War he had made his mark as what we should call a reformer in domestic politics. He championed various radical social reforms and as Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in some budgets to support those reforms which gave him a deserved reputation as a finance minister of the first class. "He was still considered," however, says the Hon. Clive Bigham, the most recent biographer of the Prime Ministers of England, "by the more moderate men as a dangerous iconoclast, and his inspired philippics against class and privilege, his subversive schemes of taxation, and his campaigns of agitation all through the country roused an apparently implacable hatred among the Conservative party."

He was, of course, a notable and powerful figure in British politics before the European War, but that war gave him the opportunity—perhaps it would be juster and pleasanter to say the occasion—of becoming one of the great leaders of world affairs. Great



(C) Kadel & Herbert

LLOYD GEORGE BROADCASTS HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY

The photograph was taken shortly before the speech was delivered

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Britain, like the United States, was not, so far as the army was concerned, well prepared for the struggle. She had the men and threw them into France, but they were not supplied with munitions. The lack of these supplies became almost a scandal. Lloyd George was made Minister of Munitions and saved the day, for which he must have immortal credit. He not only showed extraordinary genius for organization and administration, but his rare gift of arousing and maintaining moral enthusiasm and patriotic determination by the power of oratory came into full play. His war speeches were among the best that were made in any country. Like those of Lord Chatham, they exercised an indescribable magnetic effect upon the immediate audience, but, unlike Chatham's, they affect the reader almost as strongly as the auditor. Thus, through the printed word, they had an influence in the widespread dominions of the Empire and in the United States which for radius of effect is probably unprecedented in political oratory. This should not be forgotten by those who find themselves to-day out of sympathy with Lloyd George's attitude towards the struggle of France and Germany over the settlement of the terms of peace.

Of his work as Prime Minister it is not necessary to speak. For six years he held together a Coalition Government, made up of the most diverse elements, at its gigantic task of fighting the war and making the peace. For sixteen consecutive years he was a member of the Cabinet, an almost unsurpassed record in English history. Much of that time he was the undisputed master of the House of Commons. No man can perform such feats of political genius without suffering from reaction. It is not surprising that at the present moment this master politician is under partial eclipse. There are those who regard him simply as a shrewd and clever opportunist; there is a great body of his compatriots who look up to him as their inspirational leader, possessing the highest ideals of statesmanship. Whatever the final judgment of history may be, he is certain to have a very high place in the long roll of administrators who have made the English-speaking peoples the greatest promoters of political civilization that the world has yet known.

These observations on Lloyd George, whose career I have followed with growing interest since the outbreak of the Boer War in 1899, are prompted by his speech at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York week before last, on which occasion I saw his face and heard his voice for the first time. In two respects it was an unprecedented speech. Never before in the checkered history of Anglo-American relationships has a British ex-Prime Minister addressed a New York audience of three thousand people on a controversial political subject in time of peace. That alone is noteworthy. In the second place, no orator in any part of the world or in any time in history has ever spoken audibly to so vast an audience as that which listened to Lloyd George on that evening. For it is estimated that by the use of the radio and amplifier a million people distinctly heard every intonation of the orator's voice. These two facts justify the faith of those who believe that there is a steady, if slow, evolution towards better international relationships.

Lloyd George is not imposing physically, although he gives the impression of great vigor. He is under the average height. But his delicately molded yet virile face and snapping, luminous eyes mark him for a man of refined spirit, and his well-shaped head surmounted by leonine locks of thick gray hair is a manifest sign of intellectual power. There is nothing pompous or pedantic about him. He does not indulge in the rotund periods of the professional elocutionist. He is never vociferous, but his voice, although distinct and far carrying, is that of a gentleman talking to a group of friends who understand him and whom he understands. His gestures are spontaneous and often original, but he never saws the air or pounds the pulpit. He occasionally indulges in anecdote or aphorism to make his point, but he is always dignified. In short, he is an accomplished and effective speaker without tricks or mannerisms. Indeed, there was about him so little of what in this country we call the spellbinder that I confess to a little disappointment at not being more carried off my feet by what he said. This feeling I found was shared by some of those who sat near me. But then we were seated on the platform behind him, and could not see the play of his facial expression. Some of my friends who sat before him in the auditorium did not share my disappointment.

The speech had all the earmarks of extemporaneous delivery, although he occasionally consulted a single small memorandum of notes which lay before him on the table, yet the verbatim stenographic report of his address which was published in the papers the following morning is as consecutive and homogeneous as if it were carefully written. This is also the mark of the trained public speaker. The main burden of the address was a plea for the abandonment of the passions of war and an appeal to the American people to take an active part in the restoration in Europe of the friendly relations of peace. A few of his epigrams are worth remembering: "Treaties of peace are not fool proof." "All vengeance is unbalanced; every vindictive man or woman is partly insane." "France at the present moment has the wolf by the ear; she cannot let go, but ultimately it may tear and rend her." "The commission of trusteeship for civilization does not come from kings; it does not come from rulers or princes; it does not come from senates and parliaments or councils; it comes from on high; that commission is yours and ours to-day." He pictured Europe as saying: "We cannot trust justice, we cannot trust treaties, we cannot trust the word of great nations; force is the only thing that rules in the world;" then, with solemn emphasis, he added, "Unless you stamp out that conviction civilization is doomed on this earth."

The address was listened to with sympathy, and passages like those I have quoted were responded to by cordial but not uncontrolled applause. My interpretation of the psychology of the audience is that it wished to pay a sincere tribute of respect to the man and his achievements and ideals, but that it did not pledge itself to adopt all his methods. It was perhaps, it may be said, representatively American in that it held itself free to differ in some particulars from both the French and the British in their controversy over the peace settlement, but it earnestly hoped for a *rapprochement* between the two in which it might whole-heartedly share. In this hope seems to lie the advantage of the Hughes proposal for a new conference of the Allies—a proposal earnestly advocated by Lloyd George.

Whether Mr. Lloyd George's visit and his farewell speech has had or will have any effect on the political policy of the United States towards Europe is hard to say. But I think it is not too much to say that it will have much effect in promoting a better understanding of England by Americans and of America by Englishmen—a very important matter.

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NIGHT-RIDING REFORMERS

THE REGENERATION OF OKLAHOMA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STANLEY FROST

The Outlook sent Stanley Frost to Oklahoma to study the amazing political conflict which has taken place in that State. The forces at odds in this State may have a far-reaching influence upon National politics. An introductory article by him on the Oklahoma situation appeared last week. Stanley Frost's next article carries the suggestive title "Behind the White Hoods"

THE first stage in the regeneration of Oklahoma is over. The revolt against visible corruption and official despotism has won. J. C. Walton has been impeached on charges which, in addition to telling of the pitiful, picayune graft so common in American politics, remind one of the ancient struggles of the British Parliament against the Stuart kings. Walton seems sure to go, but whether he is convicted or not all that remains of this phase of the fight is merely to mop up the political trenches.

This is no small job, to be sure. It has been years since American politics have revealed such a mess. Even while the Walton affair held public attention the papers of Oklahoma were full of stories of other official misdeeds. A penitentiary warden was under indictment; legislators were accused of graft; bribery was hinted at; judges were attacked; literally hundreds were charged with minor peculations; the very air whispered reports of connivance with bootleggers, dope-peddlers, and more violent criminals; the Walton exposé itself has ramifications involving scores in varied crime. Probably most of these will escape, but the dirt will at least be swept behind the door.

As the dust settles it becomes easier to see into the causes and motives behind the recent struggle, and to the student of modern politics these are even more important than the immediate issues. There are involved many of those factors which are problems in other States—the farmer-labor movement, the trades union in politics, the enforcement of prohibition, even the Fundamentalist movement in religion. But above and beyond all is the Ku Klux Klan, with its appeal to the narrowest instincts of a reawakening Americanism along the lines of racial and Protestant supremacy. Without an understanding of these motives and causes the Oklahoma crisis must seem a meaningless factional disturbance.

The situation is particularly important because of the intention of Klan leaders to use the record here as the basis for an intense campaign to recruit members of the better sort, particularly in the North. That campaign is only awaiting the final disgrace of Walton to be set in motion, and may have been begun before this is printed. And it is no longer possible to blink the fact that the Klan is already an immense power and that it may easily become the dominant force in politics.

The Klan issue has not been settled in Oklahoma. It existed before Walton seized upon it, and it will survive his fall. It is quite possible that if he had been a different man, had kept his own record clean and had been able to hold the issue to moral grounds instead of playing cheap politics with it, he might have become a National figure, with a Senatorship—even the Presidency—in reach, as he had hoped. But that egg is broken and the anti-Klan movement in the State is for the present leaderless, its members having been forced by Walton to join the Klan in fighting for fundamental liberty.

It may as well be admitted that, on the surface at least, the Klan record can be made to appeal to many good, sincere, and patriotic men who are now seeking leadership toward the recovery of the Anglo-Saxon ideal of socially responsible individualism. In Oklahoma the Klan can prove by its enemies themselves that it has been on the side of public safety, of enforcement of law (at least of most laws), of the suppression of graft and connivance with crime. It has opposed from the beginning the Governor whom the whole State now sees as a dangerous public enemy. Although it had the power to meet his illegal attacks with force of arms and was goaded by him in every possible way toward violence, it held its members under strict control and averted what might have been a serious civil war. Finally, it has been the center and the backbone of the fight to restore constitutional government and has carried that fight to a triumphant—and legal—conclusion.

This is a compelling record. But it is not all the record, and it must not be forgotten for a moment that the secrecy which is one of the Klan's chief weapons puts it in a position to escape or confuse judgment on its sins and failures, while claiming more than its share of credit. Nor does this record touch, except at a few points, the fundamental purposes and methods of the Klan. Later I hope to be able to report adequately on these, for there have been important changes in the organization since the exposures of two years ago. The present articles, however, can deal only with Oklahoma.

Lawlessness is nothing new there. It was about the last Territory to be opened to settlement, and the traditional lawlessness and easy tolerance of lawbreaking which mark frontier life have only partly died out. In addition, the population is mixed and much of it vicious. A large part of the State was taken from the old Indian Reservation, and such whites as had lived there had been renegades, many of them criminals, whose very presence in the Territory was in violation of law and often an attempt to escape it. This degenerate breed hampers and often defeats every effort of the State toward progress.

As a State Oklahoma is only sixteen years old. The conflicting elements in her population caused serious trouble and lacks in her Constitution which have not yet been entirely cleared up. There has not been time for the growth of civic solidarity or much State pride. Her schools are within six of the bottom of the list and her general literacy—and consequently the possibility of education through the press in political morality—is low. Add great discrepancies between the poverty of the farmers and the wealth of the oil boomers, a mixture of Indians with moral standards quite different from those of white men, dissatisfaction as a result of recent hard times, the rough element drawn to the oil fields, and a great preoccupation with material development, and you have the rough outline of conditions with which decency and progress must contend.

Thus political morals are necessarily low. In the southeast corner of the State they are about as bad as may be. In the north they rise greatly and there has grown up among the better classes a sort of civic idealism. This, however, has been confused by self-interests and prejudices and has been expressed largely in material things: new hotels, better pavements and roads, better water works, and, with some, better schools. Ordinary law enforcement has come behind these; there has been almost no thought, even, for good government in the larger sense.

Moreover, there is no leisure class

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which might take leadership in civic affairs, and the better people generally consider political activity rather disgraceful. It has been perfectly hopeless for them as well, since no man of even moderately decent standards could compete with the professional liars and spoilsmen.

With few exceptions, the latter had control of the governments—State, county, and local. Politics was almost entirely a matter of spoliation enriched by corrupt catering to financial interests. A political campaign was most likely to succeed if based on impossible promises to class or special interests, combined with a play upon prejudices and a discreet connivance with the criminal elements.

The simpler kinds of reform had been making progress, however, steadily if not rapidly. Corruption was less and less open, crime more and more furtive. W. E. Disney, who leads the fight against Walton in the Legislature, tells of his own experience as a prosecuting attorney in Muskogee. He, by the way, is a descendant of the Kansas fighters of the fifties.

Ten years ago, he told me, bootlegging in particular was so open that even to talk of prosecution was a joke. When finally some thirty members of the gang were jailed, they made huge mirth. They organized a "jail-birds' union" and issued membership cards certifying that the "bearer is a jail-bird in good and regular standing and as such is entitled to free board and keep in any jail in Oklahoma." One member recently held a State office, but on the whole the campaign succeeded, and Muskogee is now a clean county.

Other counties and towns did as well, but some did not. Tulsa was one of the latter, and her story may be taken as typical of conditions in many parts of the State. Two years ago Tulsa was under almost absolute control of the criminals. Bootlegging and dope-peddling flourished unabashed. Highway robbery—called "hijacking"—was a common means of livelihood. Hardly a night passed without it, and on one celebrated evening a gang took possession of one of the main roads and for hours systematically winnowed the traffic. Murder was common. No decent woman and few men left shelter at night. Officers seldom attempted to interfere; those who did were shot down with impunity, and in the few cases where the criminals were caught and convicted they were usually promptly pardoned.

As has been the case so often in this country, where legal means failed to curb crime illegal means were taken up. The reformers became night-riders. Vigilante law had been sporadic in the State, now it became organized. There is no question that the Klan played a large part in this—how large a part will be discussed later; but there is also no doubt from the stories of a dozen of the best-informed men in Tulsa that night-riding had been going on before the Klan appeared, that it was not wholly chargeable to the Klan at any time, and that many reputable and solid citizens took part in it. From other parts of the State come stories that peace officers themselves, finding their legal efforts nullified by the pardon mill in the Capitol, were among the Vigilantes.

The methods used were direct, brutal, and effective. Around Tulsa men armed themselves, went out in autos in a deliberate attempt to lure the "hijackers," and then shot to kill. They suffered some casualties, but within a few months "hijacking" became so highly hazardous an occupation that it ceased. With bootleggers, dope-peddlers, and caterers to sexual vice the method was less defensible. Men suspected of these things were caught abroad or taken from their homes, sometimes, though not always, given rump trials, and soundly whipped—the kind of rawhiding from which it takes the strongest man weeks to recover. The traffics were not entirely stamped out, but they were reduced to more or less normal dimensions, and the worst gangsters were driven away.

"In actual results," one judge commented, "the thing worked pretty well. I don't defend it, of course, but from what I've seen I should say that the night-riders averaged nearer justice than the courts do."

The most important result of the night-riding, however, at least in Tulsa, was the destruction of the *political* power of the gangs. There has been a reform movement in Tulsa for years, but it was not until the night-riders subdued the criminals that it carried any office. In the spring of 1922, however, the city government was at last cleaned up, and last January a sound county government was put in. Both are also solidly "Klux."

From that time on night-riding practically ceased. It had been dwindling for months. Recent investigations have shown that in the later stages it had degenerated into private vengeance and punishment for very minor offenses, but these outrages were seldom known; the burden of proof in the then state of public opinion was upon the victim, and they had almost no effect on either public sentiment or the political situation at that time. So far as known, there were only two cases after January 1—a very minor affair in a distant corner of the county and a severe whipping in Tulsa itself, which was the immediate cause of the imposition of martial law.

Because of its results this case deserves a little mention. The victim, Nate Hantaman, was accused of peddling dope. He was stripped and beaten, and it was charged that he was mutilated. On the testimony of the doctor who attended him this is not true and he was able to walk home two hours after the whipping. The case was much like scores of others, but it was skillfully press-agented and aroused a very considerable indignation. Incidentally, Hantaman has since been arrested on a charge of bank robbery, and his wife, whose tears to the Governor brought the soldiers to Tulsa, is under Federal indictment for selling opiates.

This, then, was the situation at Tulsa early last August: night-riding had almost stopped, reform administrations were in power, and the citizens had once more turned the enforcement of the law over to them. An isolated outrage brought the most drastic action possible under American laws from Governor Walton. Let us turn for a moment to look at his record.

He is one of the "mixer" type of politicians, and a good one. He is of medium size, round-faced, with a weak mouth and a personality which he makes engaging by a chameleon-like adaptability. If he has character of his own, it has not been made manifest. He is a good speaker, too ignorant to be far-sighted, too adaptable to be trustworthy. I found no one who would now accept his most solemn promises. He is vain; he is also of a temperament which finds comfort in being surrounded constantly by gunfighters, and his most frequent companions are policemen.

Walton was for one term Mayor of Oklahoma City, and he is the kind of a man who, given a little success, would surely run for Governor, though his election in the beginning seemed hopeless. His only support at first was from labor, no great power in the State. Presently two alliances were made; the first with the Socialists, a body of some 60,000, of whom perhaps 5,000 or 6,000 are convinced Socialists and the rest "protest voters." The other was with the Farmer-Labor workers, who had recently come into the State and were organizing the discontent among the farmers with the poverty-stricken and unblessed element in the southeastern corner—the old Indian reservation—as a nucleus. These combined and held a convention, which nominated him to run in the Democratic primaries, and all these elements went into those primaries in a deliberate attempt to force him on the party.

Opposed to him were Bob Wilson,

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for many years State School Superintendent, and Judge Owen, a lawyer with a fine record. Wilson was the avowed candidate of the Klan; Owen had the Catholic support. Walton in his campaign made the usual reckless promises; on the same day in the same town he promised farmers that he would get them $3 wheat and labor that he would reduce the loaf to five cents! But with all this, and in spite of the division of the opposition, Walton could not have won, local politicians agree, but for one complication.

This was that there had been initiated and was to come up at the same election a bill to forbid the Catholic parish schools. Wilson, the Klan man, was making a strong run and the Catholics were badly scared.

"If that bill and Wilson had both won," I was told by one of the men who took part in the maneuvering for the Catholic vote, "the Catholics would just naturally have had to leave the State. It was a matter of life and death with them. We tried to make them see that Owen could win if they'd stand by him, but the Klan was circulating nasty stories about him and they didn't dare. So on the last day they swung to Walton—about 60,000 votes. That gave him the nomination, and the worst thing that can be charged against the Klan in this State is that they brought about conditions which made Walton possible."

In the actual election some 75,000 decent Democrats bolted Walton—partly under Klan influence—according to the same authority. But his campaign of promises and the farmers' hardships were enough to make up the deficit and, besides, to give him the biggest majority in the State's history. "It took three years drought to give us a man like that," is the way another politician analyzed the action of the farmer vote.

Walton's record as Governor need not be repeated—it has been told in the story of his impeachment.

A movement for his impeachment had already started when, in August, he launched his attack on the Klan by declaring martial law in Tulsa. His avowed object was to use military courts to stop the whippings and ferret out the night-riders. He very justly charged that these were not likely to be prosecuted by the local authorities.

Apart from the fact, already told, that the whippings had almost stopped, so that there was no immediate need of drastic action, he had found an excellent issue. There was already much public indignation against the Klan, and more was speedily aroused as the result of the investigations he ordered. The issue was a moral one, but if there is a man in the State who believes that Walton was actuated by any other motive than political expediency—or worse—I failed to find him. "If you ever go on the assumption that that man could have a conscientious motive for anything, you'll get off the track," a dozen men said.

Various reasons for his action were given. Some people offered wild rumors, the fact that Walton had been refused membership by the Klan; the fact that Tulsa had voted against him; the suspicion of a desire to "shake down" the rich oil men there; even a story of a secret agreement during the campaign with the classes proscribed by the Klan—all these were alleged. Klan members point out as significant the fact that Hantaman, over whose whipping the fight started, is a Jew.

All these explanations seem to me needlessly involved. Walton is a politician, he hoped to become Senator, possibly President; but he was losing ground, and naturally reached out for the most popular issue he could find. That happened to be the Klan. The reasons why it was so good an issue will be taken up in the next article.

SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL EVANGELIST

FOUR years ago a young man blew into the Outlook office. I use the word "blew" advisedly. Lumberjack, labor leader, soldier, orator, American, Sherman Rogers carried the minds of the Outlook staff by storm—as he has carried the minds and hearts of thousands upon thousands of his auditors.

There have been any number of definitions of genius, but most of the definitions, it seems to me, deal only with phases of that elusive quality that marks a man off from his fellow-men as a mountain is marked off from a plain. One of the necessary qualifications of genius is the power to see complex things simply—the power to bring order out of chaos. More than this, the genius must possess the power to transmit his vision to others.

Whether or not I am right in defining these qualities as essential elements of genius, they are possessed in high degree by Sherman Rogers.

The ideas which Sherman Rogers, industrial correspondent of The Outlook, has presented from coast to coast during the past four years are no newer than the Ten Commandments. They are as simple in philosophy as the Golden Rule.

Sherman Rogers has not been a doctrinaire. He has been concerned, not with the form, but the spirit, of industrial organization.

To industries permeated by distrust and bitterness he has preached the message that "men are square," and he has made capital believe this of labor and made labor believe this of capital.

To industries where secrecy was the guiding policy on both sides he has preached the message, "Put your cards on the table," and he has seen men leave the council room trusting opponents they had hated. To industries governed by autocracy, even benevolent autocracy, he has preached the message of co-operation of labor with capital, and capital with labor, and he has seen men surrender the ultimate control of their own property because they had faith in his ideal.

These are strong words of praise, but I believe that they are justified by the facts. If I am to believe letters that have come to The Outlook from all over the country and the newspaper accounts of the accomplishment of Sherman Rogers, then there is no over-statement in the tribute I have given him.

If such a tribute seems out of place in the columns of a journal with which Sherman Rogers has been closely connected for four years, I can only say that when a man spends himself in the public service, he is entitled to a "well done" from his friends.

HAROLD T. PULSIFER,
President of The Outlook Company.

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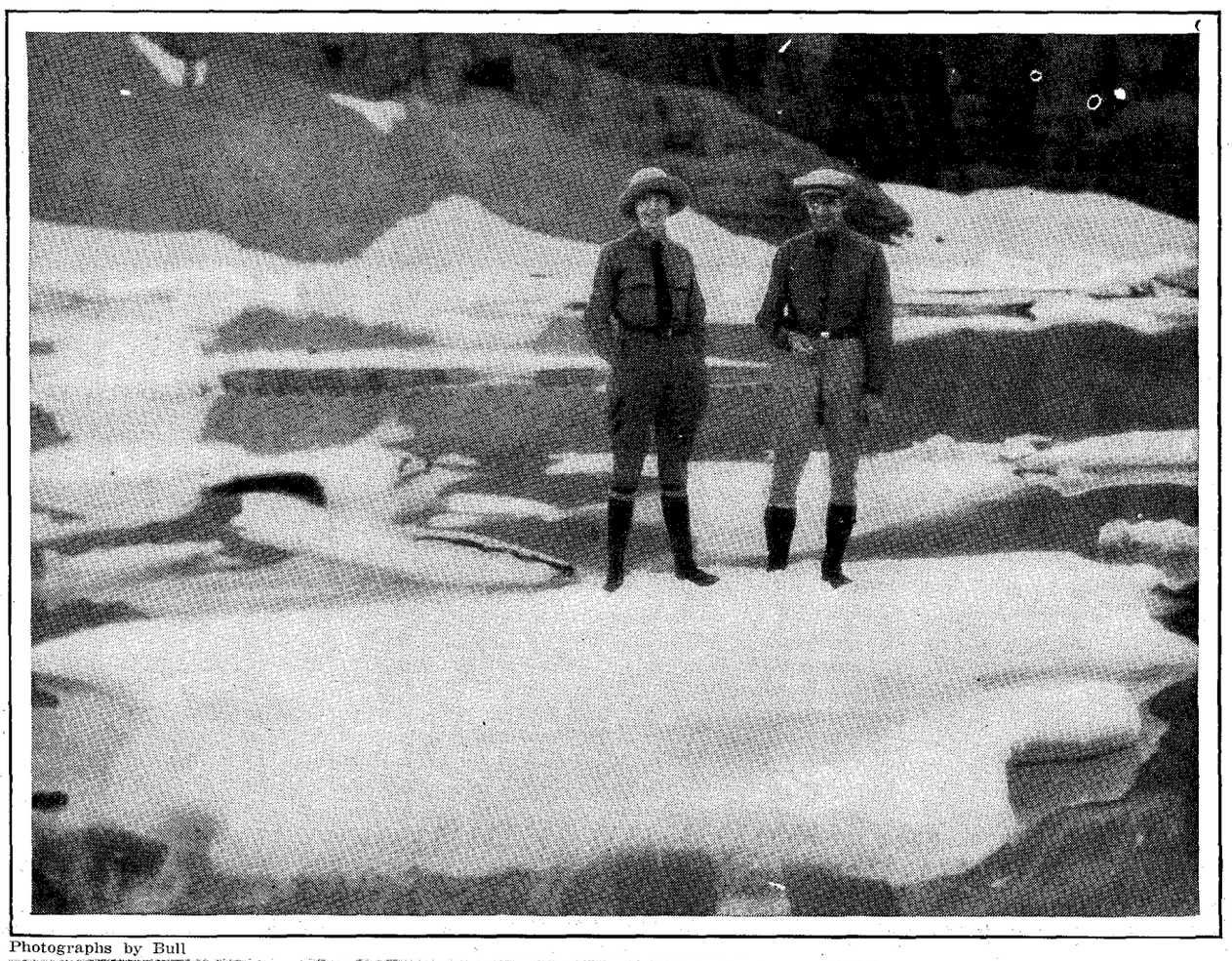
MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE MOUNTAINS

ACCOMPANIED by a special photographer, Sherman Rogers, industrial correspondent of The Outlook, and his wife journeyed through Glacier National Park on a recent trip in the West. From the evidence secured by the photographer's camera, all that the trip seemed to need was the addition of a dog to turn it into a "Bruce Scenic."

In the picture on the right Mr. Rogers is shown making the acquaintance of Chief Many Tail Feathers of the Blackfeet Indians. The Chief and Mr. Rogers seem to have found a twentieth-century substitute for the old-fashioned pipe of peace. Doubtless Mr. Rogers is engaged in explaining to Chief Many Tail Feathers the advantages of employee representation in industry.

In the picture below Mr. and Mrs. Rogers are shown receiving the only cold welcome which was their lot on their journey through the West. They are afloat on one of the products of Iceberg Lake.

Other pictures made on this trip are on the following pages.



Photographs by Bull

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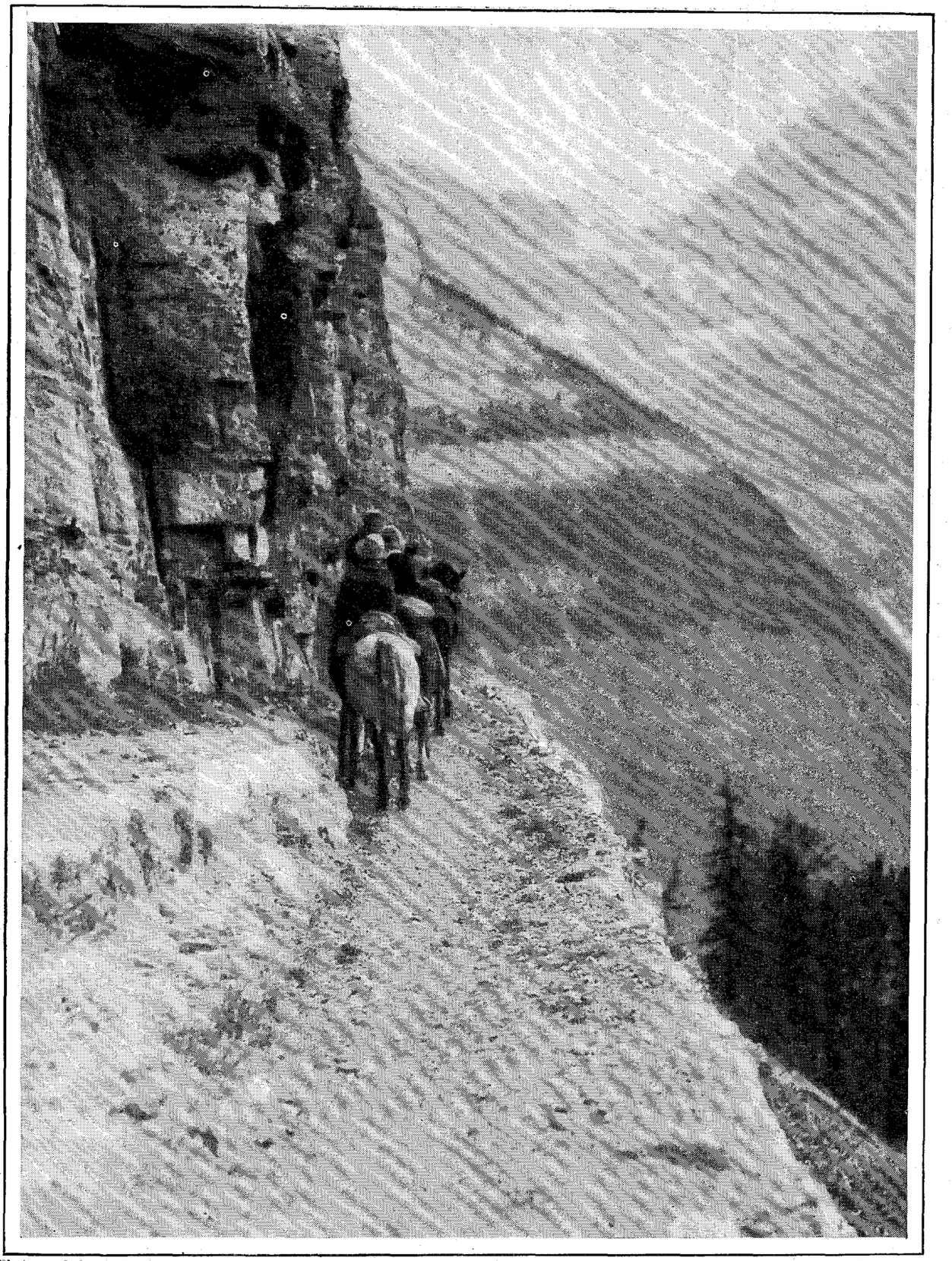

Photograph by Bull

Here is the trail over Logan Pass in Glacier National Park. It recalls the descriptions of passes in Wild West stories "where one misstep meant death." Only these horses do not look as if they were in the habit of making missteps

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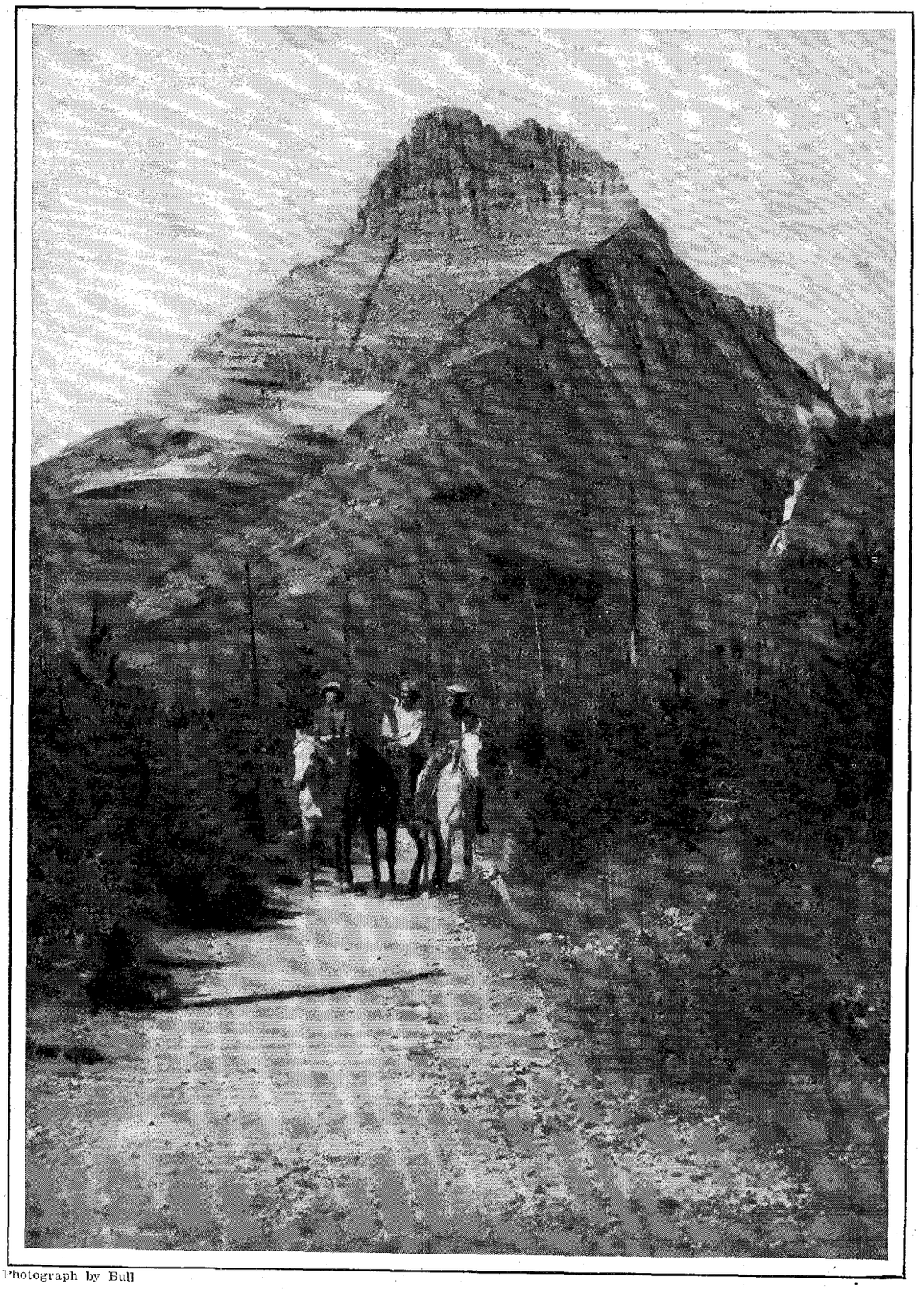

Photograph by Bull

Swift Current Pass, on the Granite Park Trail, leads over safer ground. There must be a fairly attractive view behind the camera to induce the guide, who is pointing out the beauties of the Park, to ignore the view at his back. The mountain is Mount Grinnell

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INTRODUCING MR. MELLON

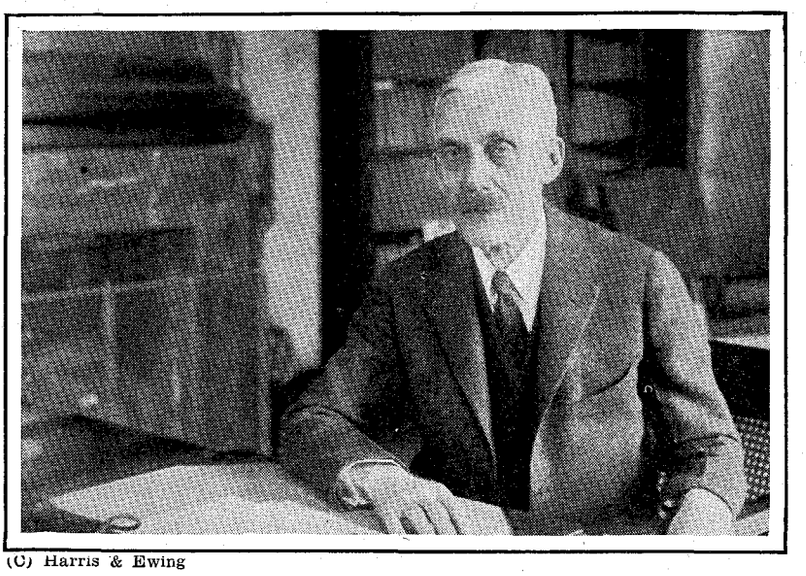
BY MERCER VERNON

IT is always in order to introduce Mr. Andrew W. Mellon. When he first entered official life as Secretary of the Treasury, at the invitation of the late President Harding, he was practically a stranger to the country at large. To-day, after more than two years of genuine public service at the National capital, he is practically as unknown as when he first turned his talents to the problems of the Nation. He is widely respected by name. There is substantial appreciation of his public worth. But that is all. The personal Mr. Mellon remains a total stranger.

To understand Mr. Mellon it is first necessary to understand the public debt. For this reason, it is probable that this unusual man will some day return to his home in Pittsburgh as quietly, and as vague to the public mind, as when he first became Secretary of the Treasury. Unfortunately, there is no other way to know Mr. Mellon. He makes no speeches, he plays no apparent politics. He has no hobbies, and he seeks no publicity. He is probably the most difficult man in Washington to see. Having once seen him, seated in the old-time elegance of his private office in the Treasury Department, it is difficult to reconcile his graciousness, his gentility of manner, and his æsthetic poise with the seemingly aloof and austere Mr. Mellon whose name and activities appear only through the most formal official announcements.

If the public debt were a matter of millions instead of billions of dollars, it is possible that the public would be more interested in what Mr. Mellon has been doing. Millions are comprehensible; but billions—that is a game for somebody else. The public debt has been Mr. Mellon's life for the past two years. There are many other duties which the Secretary of the Treasury is called upon to perform, but always in the manner prescribed by Congress. The public debt, however, is essentially his own. It is here that he may act largely as he chooses. And Mr. Mellon has chosen to act energetically.

When Mr. Mellon entered the Cabinet, he found that the Nation was in debt to the extent of $24,000,000,000. This was an amount equal to the entire cost of government from the day of President Washington to the second year of the first Wilson Administration. It was almost wholly a war debt—money hurriedly borrowed and as hurriedly spent in the vital days of 1917-18—and additional money subsequently borrowed and spent for the purposes of readjustment following the war.



(C) Harris & Ewing

ANDREW W. MELLON, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY

Of this vast amount, $7,500,000,000 would become payable during the first two years of the Harding Administration. This consisted principally of the Victory Liberty Loan, amounting to more than $4,000,000,000, issued in May, 1919, and maturing in May, 1923, and Treasury certificates of indebtedness—the short-term debt—amounting to nearly $2,500,000,000, maturing before the end of the calendar year in which Mr. Harding was inaugurated. Maturing War Savings Certificates were also to be met.

The short-term debt was the immediate responsibility of the new Secretary of the Treasury. A portion of this could be retired through tax returns, but some of it must be financed anew. The separate items of this $2,500,000,000 maturity were thrust upon Mr. Mellon's desk almost before he had concluded taking the oath of office on March 4, 1921:

$490,000,000 would be due on March 15.

$118,000,000 would be due in April.

$232,000,000 would be due in May.

$430,000,000 would be due in June.

$132,000,000 would be due in July.

$156,000,000 would be due in August.

$341,000,000 would be due in September.

$192,000,000 would be due in October.

$390,000,000 would be due in December.

Although this was the task to which Mr. Mellon must give his first attention, looming above everything else was the giant shadow of the Victory Liberty Loan, amounting to more than four billion dollars, which would become payable in its entirety on a day fixed—May 20, 1923. Mr. Mellon saw the impracticability of any attempt to meet this larger obligation on a single day. He saw that in taking steps toward the retirement and refunding of the intervening smaller maturities he must also bring about the gradual refunding of the approaching $4,000,000,000 maturity before it should become due in bulk.

Uncle Sam is not made of money. If he were, the settlement of these stupendous accounts would not have required the time or ability of a Mr. Mellon. But it did require Mr. Mellon's ability, and his seeming natural inclination to bury himself in such a task, to bring about a successful readjustment of this pressing financial situation. In it were involved the financial integrity and stability of the Nation.

It has all been done now. It has been done so quietly that almost no one has been aware of the transition. Vast National obligations becoming due during the past two years have now been replaced by new obligations so deftly arranged as to maturity, so conveniently divided as to amounts, that they should never again present a real problem to the National Treasury. The story of how it was done is a stirring one, but tedious to translate from figures into words. It is a story of the most patient watchfulness for opportunity, large or small, and the most astute grasping of that opportunity, to substitute the new for the old, and almost always on terms of increased advantage to the Government.

The early maturities, however, were not Mr. Mellon's entire problem in connection with the public debt. An effort must also be made to bring about an actual reduction, beyond that provided by the sinking fund established by law, in the $24,000,000,000 which represented the entire debt of the Nation. This must be done to save the millions of dollars of annual

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interest and to sustain the financial standing of the Government. During the period in which he was so busily engaged in readjusting the more pressing problems, he found time and means to reduce the public debt from $24,000,000,000 to approximately $22,000,000,000.

The public debt is now under control. A similar concentration of National liabilities will not again occur until 1928, with the maturity of the Third Liberty Loan, amounting to $3,500,000,000. But even this will be anticipated and diminished in advance through plans already initiated by Mr. Mellon. He is remaining in the Cabinet to see them well on their way.

Somewhere in all of this maze of figures—this fascinating pageant of millions and billions of public dollars—seemingly lies all of the story there is to tell about Andrew W. Mellon. Hidden somewhere away in the invisible courage and resourcefulness which its solution has required is to be found the self-expression of a man that we cannot otherwise seem to know.

And yet I recently asked one of his close associates this question:

"When does Mr. Mellon find time to think?"

"He thinks all of the time," was the reply. "He thinks when he is working, and he thinks when he talks and reads. But once in a while he takes the big easy-chair in his office, draws it up before the fire, and does some of his thinking there."

I would like to see Mr. Mellon then. I would like to see him sitting in the old-fashioned red-leathered chair, looking into the little fire that burns lazily in the fireplace, and thinking. Thus at ease, his angular, spare figure tapering loosely toward the hearth, his shapely head, with its grayish hair brushed somehow boyishly and its sharp-cut features, resting upon a hand that is long-fingered and graceful, he would indeed be a picture. I suspect that one would find sitting there, not the austere Mr. Mellon who is master of billions, but a Mr. Mellon who is tranquil and understandable. I do not know this for sure. It is merely a fancy that one might easily carry away after having talked with him some other time.

A UNIVERSITY OF A THOUSAND YEARS

BY WILLIAM CHAPIN COLLINS

THE story is told of a party of distinguished English scientists who were passing through Seattle in 1905. On their arrival they asked to see Trevor Kincaid, authority on the marine life with which the waters of the North Pacific teem.

"You will find him at the University of Washington," they were told.

"Oh, so they have a university here, have they?"

And they found Trevor Kincaid, whose name was known across the world, in one of the few buildings of this unknown University buried in the fir forest that eight hundred students called campus.

Eighteen years have wrought a transformation.

President Harding, on July 27, delivered his first address on his return from Alaska in the stadium of this same University, a great concrete horseshoe which can accommodate some forty thousand spectators. The winning of the American intercollegiate crew championship at Poughkeepsie has carried the name of Washington wherever colleges are known. Football teams of this Far Western institution twice have played in East-West contests, its baseball team recently finished a successful tour to the Atlantic coast—startling reminders that another educational giant is rearing its head to breathe the air hitherto reserved for the revered ancients.

Washington's educational progress, as sensational as its athletic exploits, has not been so generously advertised. The story of the University—the oldest on the Pacific coast, it having been founded in 1861—is told succinctly in the statement that of the 6,000 degrees the institution has granted, roughly, 5,700 have been conferred in the last twenty years. Its early for-

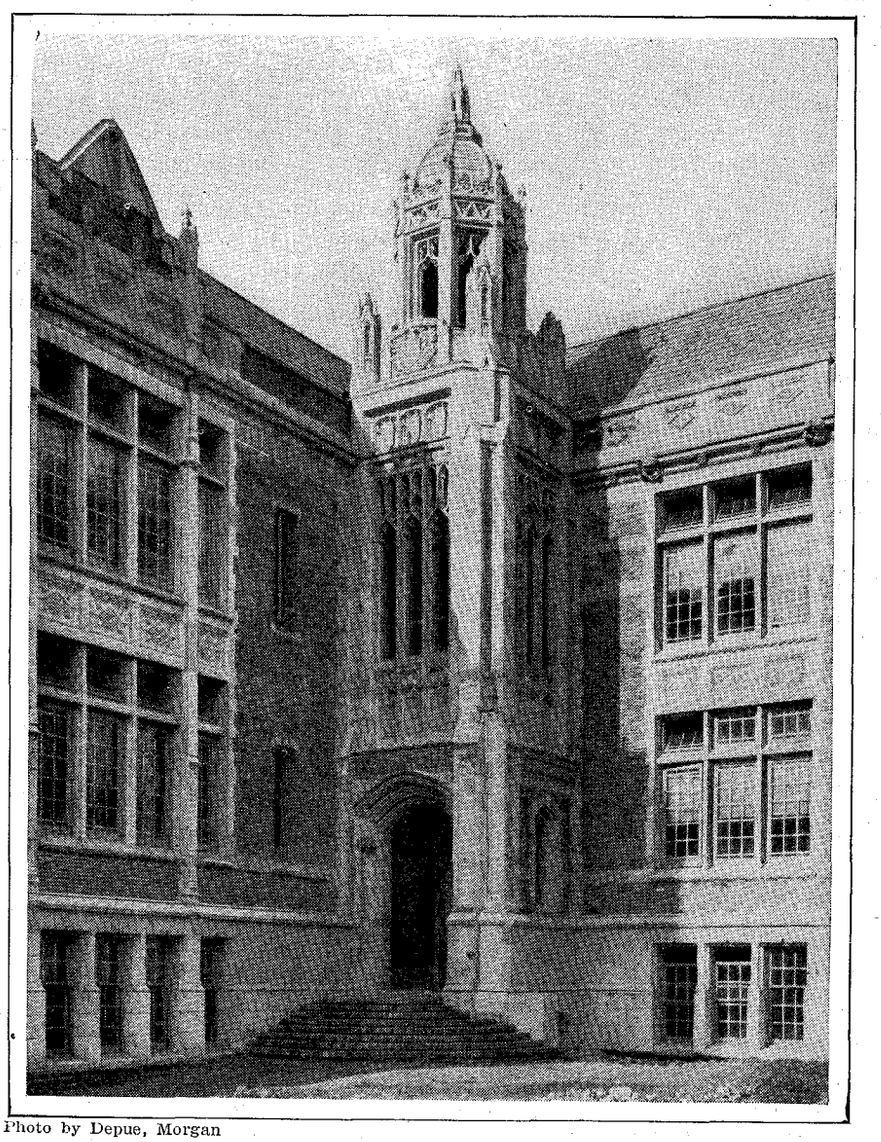

Photo by Depue, Morgan

PHILOSOPHY TOWER, AT THE JUNCTION OF PHILOSOPHY AND COMMERCE HALLS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, IS AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF LIBERAL ARTS QUADRANGLE, WHICH IS NEARLY COMPLETED

The directors of the University's destiny have chosen to build slowly, bearing in mind the interests of generations to come as well as present needs. The modified Tudor-Gothic of the new quadrangle is well illustrated in this photograph

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tunes rose and fell with the pioneer community of which it was a part. Plaything of political factions, it was obliged to endure among other vicissitudes the throes of moving to a new campus far from the old, which had been surrounded by the growing city. But, once established on its 582 acres of woodland and lake, its development became more reasoned and enduring.

"We are building the University of a thousand years." This is the policy that guides the actions of President Henry Suzzallo and the Faculty. Dr. Suzzallo—in 1921 he was President of the National Association of State Universities—came to Washington in 1915 from Columbia, where he had been Professor of Education. Washington had just passed through a period of ugly bickering, culminating in the resignation of the President. It was Dr. Suzzallo's task to bring order out of more or less chaos, which he has done by refusing resolutely to countenance the ghosts of the past and setting his vision on the "University of a thousand years."

Since his advent the University has had its greatest physical growth. The quadrangle system, adopted just before his coming, has been carried out until the Liberal Arts Quad is nearly completed. Campus buildings are valued at nearly $3,000,000. Excavation for the first unit of a $1,000,000 library, which will dominate the campus architecturally, is now under way. The stadium was built by the students at a cost of $500,000. The new structures are in a Tudor-Gothic style and are being constructed according to a comprehensive plan providing for almost unlimited expansion. Already enrollment has exceeded 7,000, since reduced somewhat by more drastic scholastic standards.

Washington is distinctive of the region in which it is situated—rich in timber, fish, and minerals, and a port of first importance for Alaskan and Oriental trade. The University has the only College of Fisheries outside of Japan; its College of Forestry, with its elaborate laboratory, admits of no superior; and its College of Business Administration, which lays particular stress upon maritime commerce, is said to be the largest school of its kind west of the Mississippi. The College of Engineering, which claims to have the finest hydraulics laboratory in the world, reflects the fact that it is in the region of greatest potential water power in the United States. The Government recently granted to the University 484 acres in the San Juan Islands, where the Straits to the Pacific meet Puget Sound. Here is a biological research station which attracts students and scientists from all parts of the Nation.

This development has been conditioned in the past by the conflicting desires of the State Legislature. Washington's struggle for unhampered progress is matched, doubtless, by the experience of practically every State university in the country. But the early lawmakers builded better than they knew. The original campus of ten acres, once on the outskirts of a little town, to-day is in the center of the business district of a growing city of 400,000. The University's properties, which include vast timber grants, are valued at nearly $12,000,000, an appraisal which is constantly increasing.

Washington's period of change in material factors is passing as the great firs and forest trails of the provincial institution give way before the sweeping lawns and shaded avenues of the cosmopolitan University. Physically, the "University of a thousand years" has had its birth. With this permanence, as enduring educational ideals are emerging.

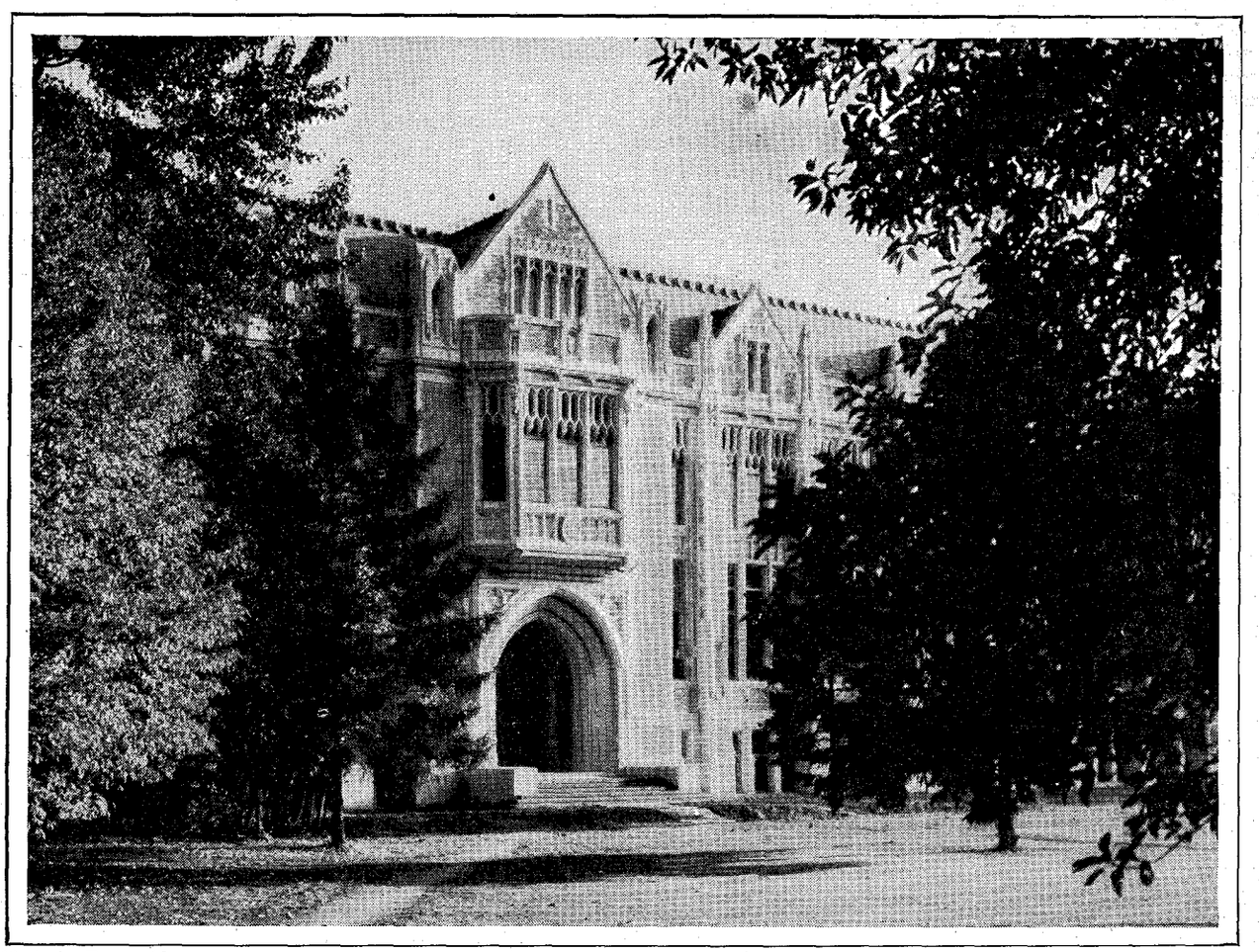

Photo by Depue, Morgan

EDUCATION HALL, THE LATEST BUILDING COMPLETED ON THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CAMPUS, IS TYPICAL OF THE STRUCTURES BEING CONSTRUCTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH A PLAN DESIGNED TO MEET THE NEEDS OF A THOUSAND YEARS

The style of architecture is Tudor-Gothic. All of the new buildings are of steel, concrete, brick, and slate

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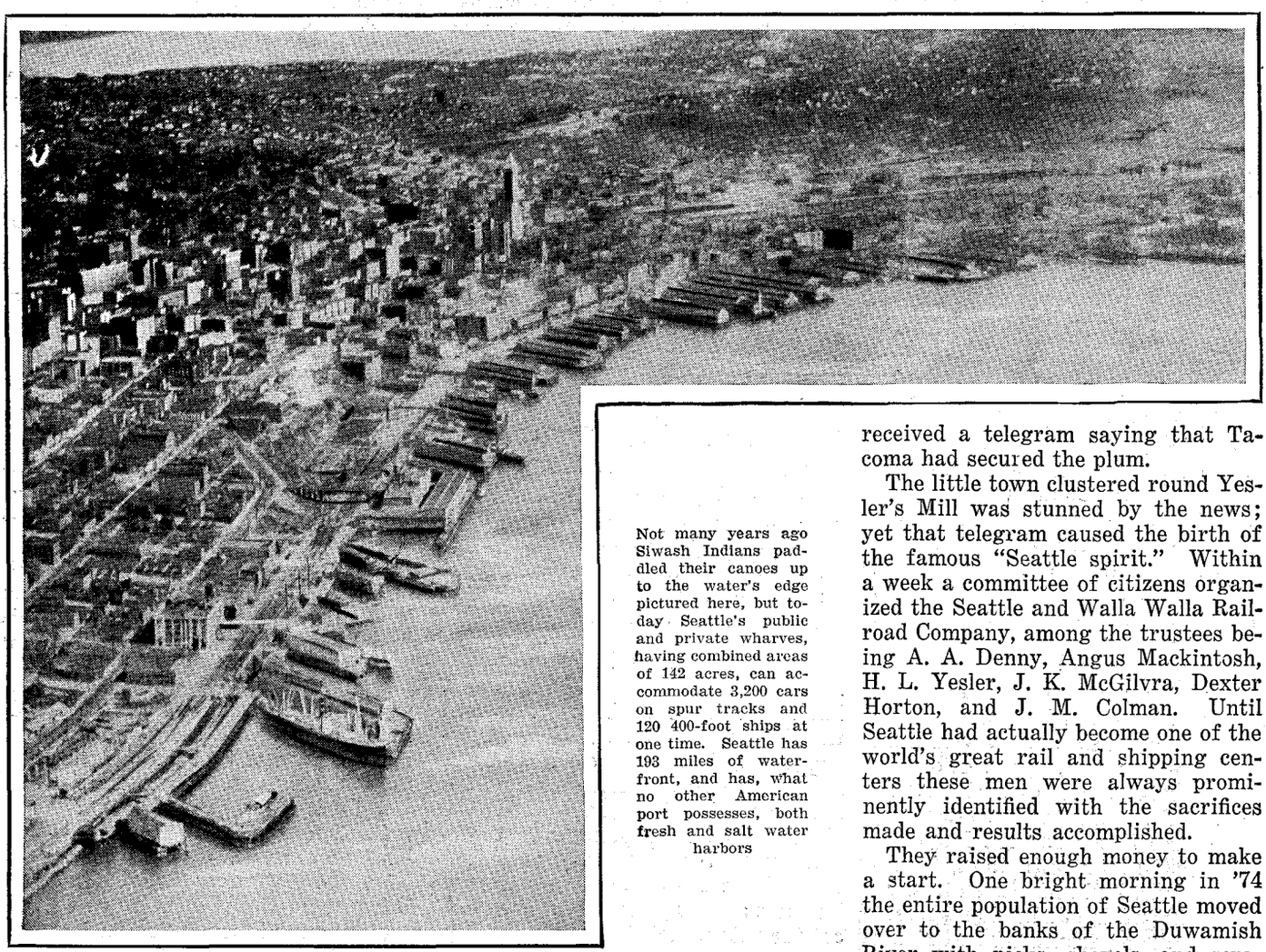
A CITY BUILT ON CHARACTER

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK



Not many years ago Siwash Indians paddled their canoes up to the water's edge pictured here, but today Seattle's public and private wharves, having combined areas of 142 acres, can accommodate 3,200 cars on spur tracks and 120 400-foot ships at one time. Seattle has 193 miles of waterfront, and has, what no other American port possesses, both fresh and salt water harbors

SEATTLE: Fourth commercial city of America. This is a statement, not a prediction. Add railway transportation, transpacific navigation, climatic condition, and natural resources, use the multiplication table in its most direct form, and the answer is four. I'll prove my assertion later in this story. Steamships, railway engines, sawmills, coal mines, salmon banks, and water power, however, do not in themselves build cities. It takes something more human—men of character and determination. If there is any one thing Seattle can boast of, it is the undeniable fact that it is a character-built community.

The story that paints the background of one of the most beautiful cities in the world is the story of men. No novelist could have surrounded his characters with more difficult situations than those met by the pioneers of Seattle—met and conquered.

Seattle was founded in 1852. A. A. Denny and Charles C. Terry, who later had much to do with the commercial progress of the Pacific Northwest, were among the original dozen settlers who built their first cabins on the present Seattle town site, then covered by the densest forests of North America. Every development from that day to this has been beset by difficulties to be solved only by men and women of sterling character and public spirit.

The Yesler Mill, built in 1853, was the first steam sawmill operated in the Puget Sound country. George F. Frye, one of the leading business men of Seattle, helped cut down the first tree delivered to the Yesler Mill. When miniature shipyards had been established and a flourishing community was well under way, word was received that the Northern Pacific Railroad, first transcontinental road to traverse the Northwest, was headed toward Puget Sound. This meant life and immediate industrial progress to the town—either Seattle, Tacoma, or Mukilteo—chosen as Pacific coast terminus. Seattle's high hopes were blasted in 1873, when A. A. Denny received a telegram saying that Tacoma had secured the plum.

The little town clustered round Yesler's Mill was stunned by the news; yet that telegram caused the birth of the famous "Seattle spirit." Within a week a committee of citizens organized the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad Company, among the trustees being A. A. Denny, Angus Mackintosh, H. L. Yesler, J. K. McGilvra, Dexter Horton, and J. M. Colman. Until Seattle had actually become one of the world's great rail and shipping centers these men were always prominently identified with the sacrifices made and results accomplished.

They raised enough money to make a start. One bright morning in '74 the entire population of Seattle moved over to the banks of the Duwamish River with picks, shovels, and scrapers. That was the beginning of Seattle's bid for recognition in the railway world. In 1883 the Northern Pacific Railroad Company bought the Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad, and shortly thereafter the city enjoyed direct connection with the outside world by rail.

But the fight to become a great industrial center was only begun, because the Northern Pacific had its eye on Tacoma. To D. H. Gilman and Judge Thomas Burke, who arrived in Seattle in the late seventies, the only way for Seattle to be in a position where it could snap its fingers at the Northern Pacific was to build a railway from Seattle to Sumas, connecting with the Canadian Pacific. They formed an organization and hurried to New York to raise $500,000. New York bankers agreed to put up the amount, provided Judge Burke would put up $10,000 of his own money to show his good faith.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the astonished Judge. "I haven't $10,000 cash, and never had that much."

Mr. Burke returned to Seattle, and

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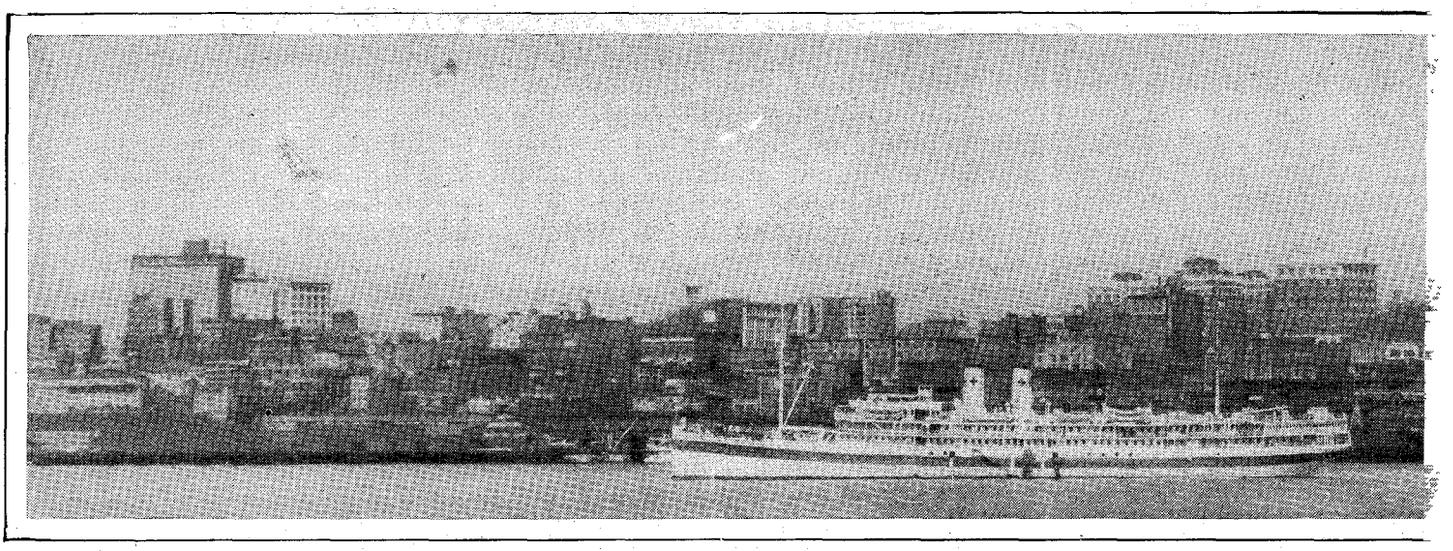

THIS IS THE WATER-FRONT OF SEATTLE. THE 42-STORY L. C. SMITH BUILDING O

put the proposition before Angus Mackintosh, a banker, who agreed to loan him $10,000 on his personal note. A construction company was instantly organized by John Leary, Angus Mackintosh, George Kinnear, and J. W. Currie, each staking $10,000 while the New York bankers made good their promise. Not long after construction started James J. Hill, then pushing the Great Northern Railroad across the Northwest, came to Seattle and immediately visualized a great world's port. The tide of fortune turned when Colonel W. T. Clough, Mr. Hill's private secretary, walked into Judge Burke's law office some months later with the information that Mr. Hill had chosen Seattle, and authorized the Judge to represent him in securing franchises and rights of way. In spite of having to buck the Northern Pacific every inch of the way, Mr. Burke secured everything he went after.

During the negotiations an incident occurred that had a momentous bearing on Seattle's growth. Landowners, with one exception, had sold their properties to the Judge far below their value because they recognized the importance of adequate terminal facilities and because the Judge had assured them that no one would receive a greater price than he was paying them. Judge Burke wired Mr. Hill that a friend of his in St. Paul who owned property in Seattle was the only man who refused to accept the ruling price. Mr. Hill replied that the extra amount his friend wanted was not worth worrying about; pay it. He received a reply the next morning that put Seattle on the map as a city of character and gave it a reputation among the big bankers of New York that laid the foundation stone for the establishment of necessary development credit.

Here is the telegram that caused Mr. Hill to give Mr. Burke *carte blanche* in matters pertaining to his road on Puget Sound:

> If you pay your friend more than you pay my neighbors for the same class of property, please consider my resignation in your hands.
>
> (Signed) THOMAS BURKE.

A short time later Mr. Hill put the Puget Sound country on the map as a lumbering center. When informed that lumbermen like George W. Stetson believed Seattle could compete successfully in Eastern markets if a sixty-cent-a-hundred rate took the place of the ninety-cent rate established when the railway was completed in 1896, he replied: "They can't do business at that price at all. We must cut the rate in half." And he did.

Overnight every logging camp and sawmill on Puget Sound hummed with activity—the eyes of the lumbering world have been centered on the Pacific Northwest ever since. In the State of Washington at the present time there are three hundred logging camps and over eight hundred and fifty sawmills, producing annually about seven billion feet of timber, and providing a livelihood for nearly four hundred thousand people. Washington, with its three hundred and fifty billion feet of standing timber, is outranked by only one State—Oregon. In Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and western Montana there remain uncut over one thousand billion feet of merchantable timber—nearly one-half the total remaining in the United States. Ships loaded with lumber leave the North Pacific coast daily, bound for the markets of South America, Australia, the Orient, southern California, and via the Panama Canal to the Atlantic seaboard.

Since a reorganization of the Northern Pacific in the late nineties the Northern Pacific, under a friendly management, has done everything possible for Seattle, even to moving its main Western office to the Queen City. With the construction in 1909 of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul system with Seattle as its terminus, followed shortly thereafter by the arrival of the Canadian Pacific and Harriman lines, Seattle is now reached by five great transcontinental railways.

In 1897 Seattle awoke one morning with a start. A vessel was anchored in the harbor with the greatest cargo of gold nuggets that had ever docked in a Pacific port. Immediately the world was aflame. Thousands of people flocked into Seattle bound for the land of fortune, the Klondike, and later the Fairbanks, Nome, and the Iditarod sections of Alaska. This period marked the most rapid development of Seattle from a frontier city to one of metropolitan character. Since that eventful morning Seattle has enjoyed a tremendous trade with Alaska, although the development that will take place in our Northern Territory in the next ten years will cause the present Alaskan trade balances to fade into insignificance.

Seattle became an established center of Pacific salmon industry years ago. Pessimists claim each year that the Pacific Ocean is practically fished out, yet the salmon run in 1923 broke most annual records. While regulatory measures are necessary, the salmon trade will always be a great asset, a perpetual industry that now brings sixty millions a year to the port of Seattle.

SEATTLE LABOR

While Seattle was growing by leaps and bounds the war came on, and it became one of the great ship-building centers in the world. The result was advantageous to the city for a short time, but it also brought upon Seattle a reputation it never deserved; for the

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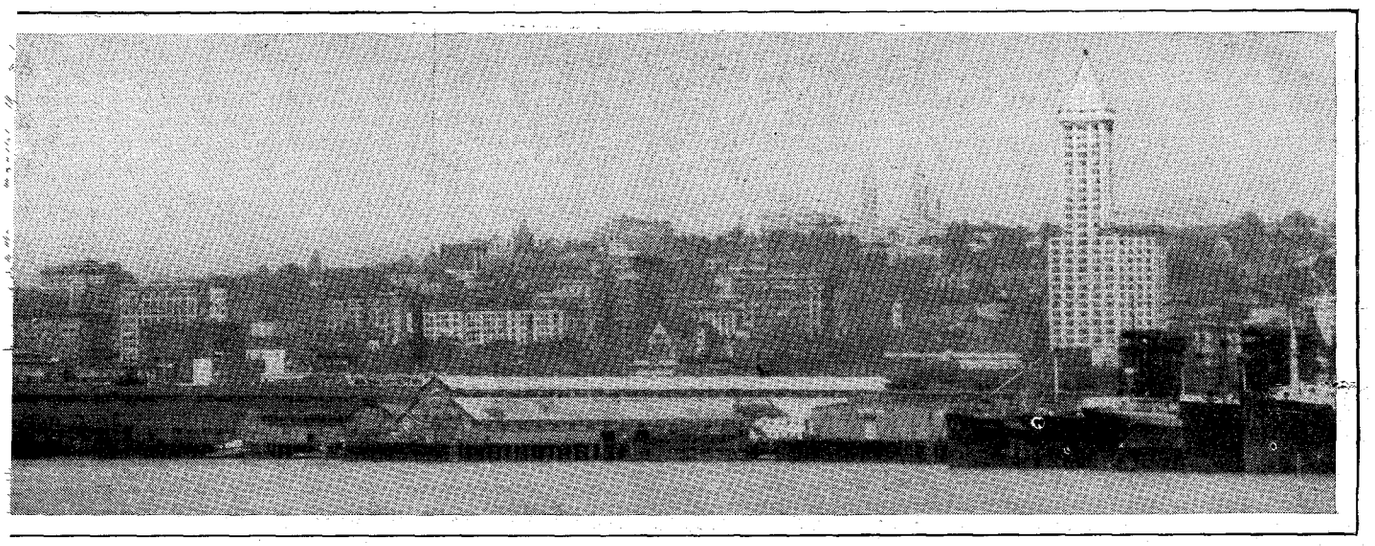

IGHT WOULD MAKE A HUMP EVEN IN THE JAGGED SKYLINE OF NEW YORK

influx of over forty thousand workers whose hats were their homes resulted in a labor condition that was not healthy. A general strike occurred for which outside labor was almost wholly responsible—a fact never fully understood by the American public. Without going into the merits or demerits of the strike, let me add that on the termination of the war and the paralysis of the shipping industry, especially ship-building, the forty thousand workmen that had flooded the city almost overnight departed, leaving Seattle with the same sterling labor population it had always possessed.

After the most careful examination extending over a period of four years, during which time I have investigated labor conditions in practically every large city in the United States, I firmly believe that Seattle contains the sanest element of any city of its size in America, with the possible exception of Kansas City, Missouri. There has been no strike of consequence in Seattle for nearly five years. I do not believe there is any city of its size in the country where there is a greater percentage of home-owning workmen, where labor leaders are more concerned with upbuilding their commonwealth, or where the employer receives more value in labor power per dollar expended. While much publicity was given the recent dispute between the Seattle Labor Council and the American Federation of Labor, the struggle was purely jurisdictional and did not concern the labor situation as a whole. Seattle's industrial record for the last five years speaks for itself and requires no further comment of mine to prove conclusively that as a desirable labor center Seattle does not have to take a back seat to any community in America.

Following a temporary lapse after the war, when adverse publicity and a few pessimists had their day, "Seattle spirit," regenerated by the great rush of lumber orders in 1922, now fairly fills the air with an electric enthusiasm not duplicated anywhere outside of Los Angeles. Seattle's prominent citizens manifest a fine degree of public spirit, good fellowship, and that hospitality made famous in the South a half-century ago. Why shouldn't they, when they are surrounded by natural advantages enjoyed by no other district on earth—mountains, forests, rivers, waterfalls, and climatic conditions that make the section a tourists' mecca? For the tourist who desires no hot weather and practically no rain, with very cool nights during the entire summer, in a wilderness almost primeval, abounding in fishing, hunting, and mountain scenery, the Pacific Northwest cannot be excelled. Seattle is the gateway to Alaska. The tourist who has covered the Glacier National Park, Rainier National Park, and made the Southwest Alaska tour can boast of having viewed the greatest natural scenery on the North American continent, if not the world.

PAST AND FUTURE

Another memorable incident illustrates the sterling character of Seattle's citizens. It explains why the city may be proud of its past, optimistic of its future. In 1889, with a population of 40,000, a great fire swept the waterfront and business section, and the next morning Seattle was a city of homeless people. A few days before a large fund had been collected by public subscription for the benefit of the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood sufferers. Two days after the fire the chairman of the mass-meeting called to consider the greatest disaster in Seattle's history informed those assembled that, although the Relief Fund had been raised for Johnstown, Seattle now found itself in a similar plight. What was to be done with the fund? The pioneers rose to a man and yelled in unison: "Send it to Johnstown." And to Johnstown it was sent.

In rebuilding the city the pioneer citizens conceived the daring idea of leveling the rugged hills on which formerly stood the business section. Eastern financiers gasped, yet agreed to finance the project. A few years later former residents returning to Seattle were astonished to find the hills of the business section gone and industrial grounds and railway yards where salt water had covered tide flats.

They didn't stop there. Seattle possesses what many old-time mariners have declared the finest harbor in the world. The connecting channel of the Pacific Ocean is a wonderful stretch of water, averaging from twelve to fifteen miles wide and 136 feet deep at its shallowest point, making it possible for the largest vessel afloat to make port and berth without the aid of a pilot. There are 60 commercial piers and 190 miles of water-front in the harbor. Not satisfied with this, Seattle constructed a canal connecting the salt-water harbor with Lake Washington and Lake Union, two fresh-water lakes large enough to hold the entire United States Navy.

Seattle—a great commercial city! Right! On what were formerly tide flats, with thousands of acres of factory sites, are now located, with both rail and water connections, some of the largest industrial concerns in the world. This great manufacturing area is covered with over twelve hundred industrial concerns—iron works, foundries, shoe factories, furniture factories, packing plants, shipyards, dry docks, and enterprises of all sorts. The Puget Sound country is also a great condensed-milk center. Beginning with a small condensery, E. A. Stuart, now head of the Carnation Milk Company, has built this enter-

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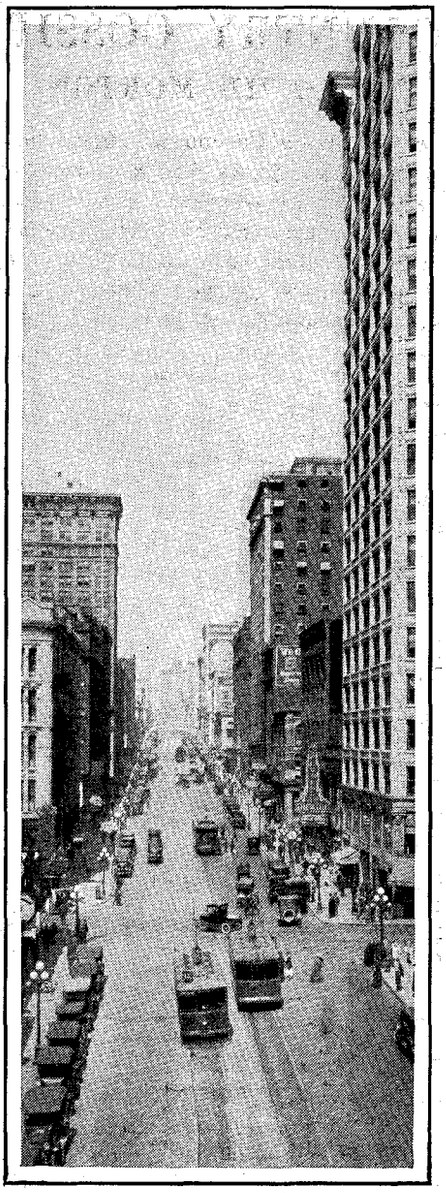
prise into one of the greatest of its kind on the continent.

The struggles of the early Seattle enterprises are intensely interesting. New markets had to be created, practicability of factory locations proved. The success of most pioneers has been startling. A typical case of building a small new enterprise can be illustrated in the case of Frank S. Lang, a man typical of most Seattle pioneers. He thought he could build stoves on Puget Sound. His friends didn't. He started with a few hammers and oil cans and two or three workmen fourteen years ago. Within a year he discarded the oil cans, and is to-day president of the largest stove and range factory in the West.

Back of this industrial undertaking is an asset that most larger cities would give their eyes to have. The State of Washington possesses one-sixth of the total water power of the United States. Large projects now being developed will guarantee not only the Puget Sound metropolis, but the entire Pacific Northwest, perpetual cheap power for its industries, regardless of coal strikes and fuel shortages that periodically aggravate most large industrial centers.

There are wonderful resources directly contiguous to the Puget Sound country. Wenachee and the Yakima Valley now lead the State in apple production, the Washington apple district producing from twenty-five to thirty million bushels per year. The Flathead Valley of Montana and the great wheat belts of northern Idaho and eastern Washington pour millions annually into Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. Seattle is not the only great city of the Pacific Northwest by any manner of means. Spokane, capital of the Inland Empire, situated between the Rockies and Cascades, is a beautiful, rapidly growing city of more than a hundred thousand inhabitants. Everett, a great shingle and sawmill city, is located thirty miles north of Seattle. Tacoma, one of the really great lumber centers of the world, with more than a hundred thousand population, lies less than forty miles south of the Queen City. Portland, the rose city of the Northwest, center of Oregon's great lumber industry, lies within two hundred miles of Seattle. Portland is the closest rival on the North Pacific coast from a standpoint of civic beauty, industrial wealth, and population. Years ago there was much rivalry and in some cases ill feeling between the two cities. This has been totally dissipated. All cities on the coast join hands with the genuine spirit of cooperation for the upbuilding of the entire Northwest, recognizing the fact that the growth of any city of the Pacific Northwest materially benefits every other commonwealth in the entire section.



SECOND AVENUE, SEATTLE'S PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET

I promised to prove that Seattle was destined to be the fourth city from a standpoint of transcontinental transoceanic commerce. I will now do so. Before launching on my argument I want the reader to bear in mind that the future great world's development will take place in countries on the Pacific Ocean, especially Japan, northern China, and Siberia. Seattle is of course the nearest American port to these countries. What of the first three commercial cities?

New York will always be number one, because it is a great terminal point of Eastern railways and Atlantic shipping; Chicago, number two, because it is the railway center of a great industrial and farming area and it is on the Great Lakes; St. Louis, number three, because it is the gateway to the South, is in touch with seventy-six railways and the Mississippi waterway. St. Louis will some day run Chicago a close race for second place. Geographically the country has now been considered except for the Pacific coast. One of these cities must be picked—Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Seattle.

Two transcontinental railways serve the Southwest—the Union and Southern Pacific. San Francisco is terminus for one, Los Angeles for the other. These roads top a territory as important as the Northwest, but by dividing their commerce—each trying to make its terminus *the* terminus—they cause steamship lines to divide their activities. Seattle is the terminus for the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, each great road bending all its energy with concentrated effort toward building a greater Seattle. Not only that, Seattle also has the Harriman lines and the Canadian Pacific. And it has one great natural advantage over its southern neighbors—it is three hundred miles closer to Yokohama, Shanghai, and Vladivostok, a day or two nearer than Los Angeles or San Francisco. This becomes even more significant when it is remembered that the southern steamship lines go more than a thousand miles out of the beaten path to make Honolulu, thus giving a vessel from Seattle a week's advantage over a southern boat in a trip to the Orient and return. Seattle will always be the port of entry for Japanese, Chinese, and Siberian shipments, and the port of export for goods *en route* to those countries.

And don't forget to add this: Seattle will always be the gateway for all Alaskan commerce, an advantage destined to reach tremendous proportions. The one advantage—one that means a great deal—possessed by Los Angeles and San Francisco is proximity to the Panama Canal; but I do not believe that there is any question that Seattle, with its shorter route to the Orient, and because it is the great central terminal for three transcontinental systems, four transpacific steamship companies, and two Alaskan lines, will always be able to maintain commercial supremacy on the Pacific. This is pretty well proved by the fact that last year imports and exports through the Straits of Juan de Fuca exceeded the exports and imports of all other Pacific ports combined.

Back of all the great natural resources and transportation advantages is by far Seattle's greatest asset—the morale of its inhabitants. They are men of enthusiasm, combined with vision, judgment, and courage—the four elements always necessary for successful enterprise. With the combined assets—natural resources, transportation facilities, climate, and morale—Seattle commands the attention of America and the respect of the world.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

BY DAVID MORTON

SOME winter twilight's end will find him walking
This road that knows him and whose folk he knows,
And he will hear the trees and boulders talking
Their curious country gossip where he goes.
"His ways," a boulder says, "are lonely ways,
He never comes here but he comes alone." . . .
"And dark and thoughtful grown these latter days,"
A tree replies. . . . Then one observant stone:

"And yet I mind me how one afternoon,
Light feet, light laughter here beside him, then,
Had changed him oddly. . . . He forgets too soon." . . .
"Nay," says the tree, "but with this race of men,
The thought of Aprils gone and light and laughter
Is all a sadness to them, Aprils after."

WHEN AMERICA LOOKS NORTH

BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

It is a mighty good plan to sit down once in a while and consider what your neighbors think of you. There is a neighbor of ours to the north with problems and opinions very like our own. There are many of Uncle Sam's nieces and nephews living on the farms that belong to our neighbor, and thousands of our neighbor's children are dwelling on this side of the family fence. Mr. Le Bourdais asks us to realize the value of Canadian friendship

ONE of these days the United States will discover Canada. Wall Street already knows something of the Dominion, and so do Seattle, Spokane, the Twin Cities, Detroit, and a few more border cities whose populations contain large numbers of former Canadians. But once get a few hundred miles south of the border, and the people of "these United States" know very little about Canada and things Canadian. This was repeatedly impressed upon me during the course of a recent trip through more than thirty of the forty-eight States.

If I were to attempt a composite picture of the Dominion from the various opinions expressed by people I met, it would be of a vast, indefinite, cold, snow-covered waste, populated mainly by long-haired trappers and habitants, kept in order by smart young mounted policemen, a country of unlimited whisky, and much more "English" than the United States. Knowledge of such cities as Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and Winnipeg, and of the great wheat fields of the northwest was quite general, but it never seemed to affect the apparently more enduring impression created by the short-story magazines and the movies.

A well-known New York editor remarked to me the other day that the people of the United States were "as ignorant of Canada as they are of Mozambique," and I am inclined to think he did not greatly exaggerate. This is doubtless inevitable in a large self-centered and self-contained country; but I feel sure that it will become increasingly less true from now on.

During the nineteenth century the United States advanced from a few struggling States strung along the Atlantic seaboard to a great and powerful Nation extending from ocean to ocean; its energies and resources were devoted almost entirely to the task of internal development. The vast open spaces to be peopled and the immense capital expenditures necessary for the material requirements of a swiftly growing country kept the United States a debtor nation during all that time. It was quite natural, therefore, that the American people should have been preoccupied with their own affairs and have taken little interest in their more backward northern neighbors.

To-day the situation is changed. In place of being a debtor nation the United States is the richest country in the world. It has now become the world's banker. And normally from now on it will have a surplus of goods and capital to export. Furthermore, the sons of those pioneers who pushed the frontier ever westward across mountain range and endless plain till they met the sea will not all remain content to submit to the standardizing stamp of civilization. Their fathers' blood will bid them seek once more the wider horizons of a newer land. And what more logical land than Canada?

Of course there has always been a fairly constant interchange of people between Canada and the United States. For a great many years the Dominion has been losing annually great numbers of its most promising youth, lured by greater opportunities across the line. And at the same time there has been a pretty steady emigration from the United States to Canada. The Republic has, however, on the whole had the better of this interchange; it is estimated that there are about 3,000,000 Canadians in the United States, while it is doubtful if there are half that many Americans in Canada. Even during the past year the balance in human exchange has run heavily against Canada. But this is a passing phase. The United States is on the crest of a wave of prosperity, while Canada has not yet emerged from the slough of depression. This southerly human drift may continue for some time yet; but eventually it will turn, never to stop for long until, like the western, the northern frontier is pushed back to the polar ocean.

The frontier has ever held a fascination for persons of vision and imagination, for the adventurous. For five centuries the frontier lay to the westward. But now the western frontier has gone forever. Yet the northern frontier is greater than the west-

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ern ever was. It stretches, a shining line, across the northern half of America and across Asia. That portion of it of most interest to Americans is in Canada and Alaska.

Why has it not been discovered before? Well, for one thing, as I have already pointed out, Americans have been too greatly preoccupied with vanquishing their own frontier. And then there has been a great deal of prejudice and misconception regarding the north, particularly its climate. But, thanks to Vilhjalmur Stefansson and a few others following his lead, a new impression is stealing abroad with respect to the great lands of the north. And when the far north is robbed of the icy terrors which exist mainly in popular imagination, the lands farther south gain proportionately in reputation.

In addition to the adventure and the romance which the lands of the great interior and the far north offer, Canada presents opportunities for the seeker after wealth. According to Dr. R. W. Brock, formerly Deputy Minister of Mines for Canada, sufficient exploration has already been completed to "demonstrate that Canada is destined to become one of the great mining countries of the world." Important gold, iron, and coal deposits are found in Nova Scotia. The chief asbestos mines of the world are in Quebec. In Ontario are located the silver district of Cobalt, the gold fields of Porcupine, and the Sudbury copper-nickel deposits, which, according to Dr. Brock, are "probably the largest high-grade ore bodies in the world." There are rich gold and copper deposits in Manitoba; coal, natural gas, and petroleum in Alberta; while in British Columbia are coal, gold, silver, copper, lead, and zinc. In most of the provinces are extensive deposits of the less valuable minerals, as well as rare earths and building stones. All this in the small area which has so far been prospected, not one-twentieth of which has been examined in detail.

Canada contains great forest areas, and this resource is already attracting American capital in large quantities, the greater part of the extensive and growing pulp and paper industry being now controlled by United States capital. General manufacturing has also attracted a great deal of American capital. It is estimated that there are now over one thousand branch plants of American manufacturing firms in the Dominion, the greater number of which have been established since 1914.

Governmental, municipal, and railway financing, which before the war was practically all done in London, is now done in New York. Up to the commencement of the war United States capital invested in Canada was estimated at about $1,250,000,000, with British capital at $2,500,000,000. Since then the amount of British capital has remained practically stationary, while American capital has approximately doubled; during 1922 alone the increase was in the neighborhood of $300,000,000.

Capital knows no boundary-line. But people do. If this were not true, the international boundary would be nothing more than an imaginary line. But it is in reality much more. This is to be seen wherever the two peoples meet across it. Take Detroit and Windsor, for instance; it is not a mere accident that on one side of the Detroit River there is a great city, while on the other there is a small town. Nor is it an accident that there are less than nine million people in all of Canada and more than one hundred and ten millions on the other side of the international boundary. The boundary-line makes some of the difference. It makes a difference in two ways. One is to be found in the restrictions of a tariff wall. The other, however, is much more subtle.

In discussing the matter with Americans I have found a very general aversion to the thought of changing citizenship. They look upon the exchange of their theoretically free-and-equal republican citizenship for the equally theoretical limitations of a British subject in Canada as a very poor bargain. It usually takes a good many years' residence in the Dominion to eradicate this feeling; and I have known many instances where Americans have lived in Canada for as long as fifteen, and even twenty, years without becoming reconciled to a transfer of allegiance. In most cases they would have welcomed an opportunity to become Canadians if there were such a thing as purely Canadian citizenship; but they could not bring themselves to swear allegiance to a king, no matter how remote his authority, and even though their lack of citizenship in the land of their adoption should entail a considerable degree of inconvenience.

This consideration will undoubtedly carry less weight in the future. The British Dominions are steadily approaching the rather paradoxical status of independent nations within the Empire; and Canada's international prestige will doubtless expand as wealth and population increase.

The tariff seems much more tangible. Its ostensible purpose is—aside from producing revenue—to protect Canadian industry against foreign competition. But the high-tariff policy is supported by many persons who are not interested primarily in manufacturing and the welfare of manufacturers. Canadians are jealous of their nationality. The term "nationality" may vary in its implications in different parts of the Dominion, but all are anxious to preserve Canadian nationality—as they see it—from submergence by foreign influences; and many see the greatest danger of this in the close proximity of the populous and powerful United States.

This fear was exploited successfully in 1911 by those who desired the defeat of the Taft-Laurier reciprocity agreement. But since then the Canadian people have had a chance to think the matter over. They are coming more and more to see that the natural lines of trade are largely north and south. For two generations Canadian political leaders have sought through the tariff to divert trade into channels running east and west, and to a certain extent they have succeeded; but at a great cost to the country. This policy has periodically denuded the Dominion of its youth and has kept Canada a child among the nations. The ambition to develop a distinctive nationality is a very laudable one, but a growing number of people in Canada are beginning to wonder if a national culture which cannot retain its individuality and still meet the world at all possible points of contact is worth preserving at such expense. For it is quite generally admitted that had Canada ratified the reciprocity agreement in 1911 the Dominion would have advanced commercially, and in population, by leaps and bounds.

The Liberal party, defeated on the reciprocity issue in 1911, is now in power at Ottawa and has repeatedly affirmed its adherence to its former policy. The Farmers' party is solidly behind the principle of reciprocity; and it is significant that the only political party in Canada which is opposed to reciprocity holds third place in the House of Commons.

This does not necessarily mean that the establishment of reciprocal trade relations between Canada and the United States is a matter of the near future. I am afraid it is not. Much water must run over the Fordney-McCumber dam before that is possible—for that obstruction is responsible for the creation in Canada of a pretty general feeling that the United States is too greatly disposed as yet to enact legislation without consideration for the possible effects of such legislation upon the welfare of its neighbors.

But one of these days the people of the United States will discover Canada. They will suddenly realize that the international boundary is indeed imaginary and that beyond the wall which their minds have built is a great broad land of romance, adventure—and opportunity. They will then seriously consider how this great North American Continent may best be shared by the peoples upon it; and that need not mean the absorption of Canada nor the submergence of a distinctive Canadian nationality.

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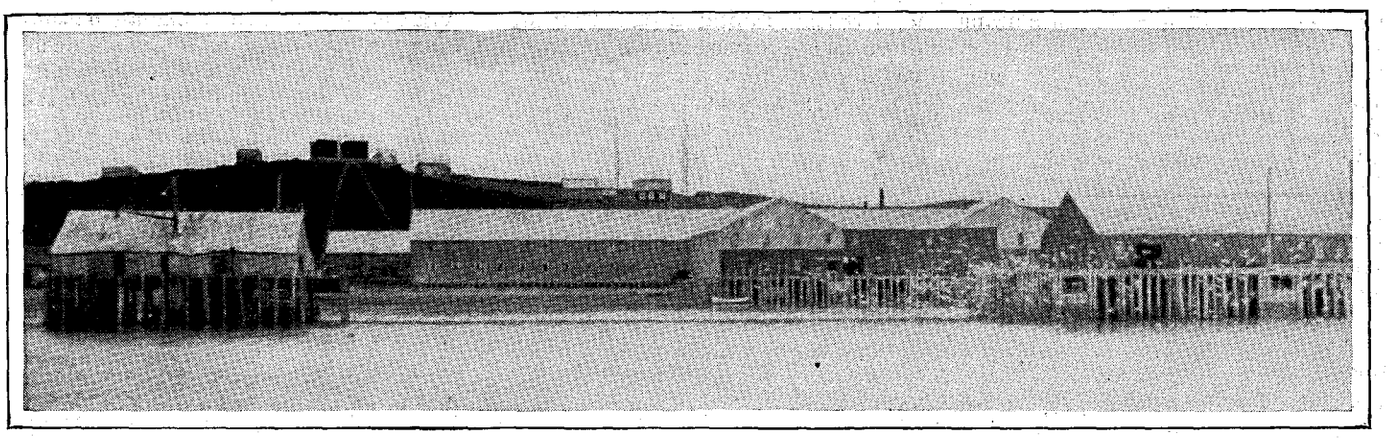

AN ALASKAN SALMON CANNERY

THE FISH THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGG

BY KATHERINE WILSON

An article showing how the world's supply of salmon is threatened with extermination, and the measures necessary to save it. The facts for this article have been gathered from the best available sources during a year's study, on the ground, of the complicated fisheries problem. It sets forth the reasons for the policy of the Government toward the Alaska fisheries as outlined by Secretary Hoover following the recent Presidential visit to the North

IN the early autumn of every year there sails down out of the North Pacific Ocean a fleet of galleons groaning with the weight of a precious and succulent cargo. Packed in cans, that golden treasure is borne by the million cases to Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco. And presently hurried flat-dwellers in Manhattan and Mobile, swarthy chefs in Piccadilly Circus and the Place de l'Opéra, fat household cooks in Guadeloupe, Iloilo, Paramaribo, and Cairo, find it heaped on their innumerable shelves, whence, by the aid of the ubiquitous can-opener, its luscious substance is turned to the uses of a million cuisines. Which is but another way of saying that all the world eats canned salmon, and that all the canned salmon consumed by the world comes from North Pacific waters.

This was not always so. Time was, and not so distantly, when the salmon was the commonest fish that swam the North Sea with the fabled whale, and it is but a few years since the silversides swarmed in a score of rivers on the Atlantic coast of America. But commerce has had its way, and from those quarters the salmon has vanished—fished out, exterminated. The only salmon now existing in the world in commercial quantities are those in the streams feeding the North Pacific.

And there destruction is under way. In the Columbia River, at whose mouth have been taken more salmon than in any other stream in the world, the pack decreased in the two seasons of 1919 and 1921 by almost half. On Puget Sound it fell away to half that of immediately preceding years, and in 1922 to nearly a third of that of 1921, while in British Columbia it was cut to much more than half. To-day the famous Fraser River, in British Columbia, which at one time produced 3,000,000 cases of salmon in a season, is all but barren of fish, and in the State of Washington the Fish and Game Commission is frantically transplanting salmon eggs from Alaska to restock its devastated streams. Alaskan waters are being drawn upon for salmon in a quantity far greater than that produced by all other streams of the Pacific combined, and from Alaskan canneries comes the bulk of the world's supply of the tinned product.

DOLLY VARDEN TROUT IN ALASKA—WEIGHT FROM FOUR TO SEVEN POUNDS

And so in Alaska too the supply is dwindling. In 1921 the runs of salmon in Alaska showed a decrease of approximately forty-two per cent. In southeastern Alaska was registered that season the smallest catch in seventeen years. While decreases in the cannery pack are due to other causes besides the diminution of fish—overstocking and a poor market having brought a curtailment of operations—nevertheless in southeastern and central Alaska an indisputable falling off in the supply was recorded. In 1921 the total output of salmon in Alaska was considerably less than half that of the record season of 1918, and much the smallest since 1910. With many canneries closed down, the season's catch nevertheless fell far below what should have been taken with the amount of gear employed. It is doubtful if the output would have been much larger if twice the quantity of gear had been used. While the 1922 pack showed a marked increase over that of the year before, the catch was smaller than for several years in proportion to the number of canneries operating.[1] That there is manifest a startling falling off in the salmon supply is conceded by all who are familiar with the fisheries. It is a decline that shouts warningly of ultimate extermination.

Echoes of that cry have been emitted within the past year through agitated headlines in Alaskan newspapers: "Salmon Depletion Foretold!"

[1] Figures for 1923 are not yet available at this writing.

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"Southeastern Alaska Salmon Threatened!" "Want All of Alaska Made a Fish Reserve!" "Limit on Salmon Favored by Alaska Canners!" The ruthless competition and piratic methods that have prevailed in the fishing industry for a generation are at last being registered in the imminent destruction of the source of supply. With millions of dollars invested in properties and equipment, and faced with a falling off in output of forty-two per cent in a single season, packers are finally awake to the obvious disadvantage of killing the fish that lays the golden egg.

This belated realization has not come without due warning. Fisheries experts have harped for years on the subject. Repeated efforts to have Congressional legislation enacted for regulation of the industry have as repeatedly been blocked. General indifference to the problems of Alaska and the political susceptibilities of Washington have served effectively the purposes of short-sighted and greedy interests. But one piece of legislation for Alaskan fisheries has ever been achieved. A few inadequate laws were passed by Congress in 1906. And in spite of the fact that those laws are now as obsolete as traffic laws of that period would be to-day, during the sixteen years extending over the peak of the industry no other regulations have been imposed. Hampered by insufficient funds and lack of authority, the Bureau of Fisheries has been all but helpless. It has had to confine its activities to the most superficial survey of operations and to scientific study and practical recommendations, all of which have added valuable data to the archives at Washington, but have had little effect upon the conservation of salmon. Meanwhile canners whose plans of operation called for big and quick returns, reckless of consequences, have fished to the limit of their capacity—and more. Competition has been fierce and violent. Bloody battle after bloody battle has been waged wherever salmon have swarmed in search of spawning grounds. Rival crews have fought with fists and hooks for takes often greedy and wasteful. With little law to control them and few enforcers for that little law, the operators have wrought destruction widespread and vast. The half-dozen wardens and three Bureau agents assigned by the Government to patrol five thousand miles of coastline have been impotent to cope with such conditions. Over that distance, easily doubled by innumerable secretive bays, islands, fiords, and archipelagoes along the way, there are dotted many plants. At widely distant points there have been as many as 135 operating in a single season. Working madly through the scant few weeks of the run to feed into the insatiable maws of their "iron chinks" the year's $30,000,000 harvest, year by year those plants have defied all efforts to restrict their enormous toll.

Meanwhile, however, the Government has had in its employ certain fisheries experts, such as Dr. C. H. Gilbert and Willis H. Rich, of Stanford University, and Professor John N. Cobb, of the University of Washington, who have made on the ground yearly exhaustive studies of the Alaskan fisheries, and have contributed invaluable data on the subject of the salmon and its habits. Largely through their practical advice, the Bureau has collected sufficient facts on which to base regulations that will go a long way toward staying the destruction.

Meanwhile, too, the canners themselves have been coming to their senses. Through voluntary restrictions on their packs, observances of periodic closing, precautions against waste, and work in clearing streams, certain of the oldest and largest packing companies have taken steps to compensate for past follies. A case in point on the Alaskan Peninsula is graphic evidence of what intelligent fishing will do. The Karluk River is an ideal salmon stream. For many years it was the banner producer of Alaska, and its supply appeared inexhaustible until six large canning companies had set up at its mouth. There followed a rabid warfare for fish, the competitors fighting one another to the death. At last but two remained, and these continued to fight, each striving to outdo the other in the quantity of fish taken. But in the meantime the runs had begun to fall off. Each succeeding year showed an alarming decrease in numbers of salmon. With a million dollars invested in plants and faced with the annihilation of their supply, the two companies finally declared a truce. Getting together, they reached an agreement whereby they restricted the sizes of their packs, established closed periods, and instituted other reforms for the preservation of the supply. The runs promptly showed an increase. This has been regularly maintained, and to-day the Karluk River has "come back." Incidentally, the two canneries are enjoying a profitable—and less strenuous—business. The regulations instituted by these two companies are a shining example of the sort of thing the salmon industry vitally needs along the entire Alaskan coast. The Government should have the power to order and enforce them.

It was to this end that there was drawn up in 1921, under the advice of fisheries experts and with the cooperation of most of the Alaskan packers, a law providing for just such regulations and their enforcement by the Bureau of Fisheries, of the Department of Commerce. While not complete, and designed broadly as a basis on which to begin constructive work, this was regarded by all concerned as the most just and practicable working law so far devised. The bill, indorsed by Secretary Hoover and the Commissioner of Fisheries, was introduced in Congress. But here it promptly encountered opposition. Since it provided that the number of canneries permitted in Alaskan waters should be limited, it was attacked as favoring monopoly on the part of those already installed. The fisheries, it was contended, belonged to the people, and should be kept free and open. Regardless of the fact that the "free and open" policy had already brought the fisheries to the verge of extinction, and that if allowed to continue it would put an end to fishing, free, open, or

A CAPACITY LOAD OF SALMON, FOR WHICH THE FISHERMEN ARE PAID FROM FIFTEEN TO TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A FISH

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CANS OF SALMON COOLING AFTER COMING FROM RETORTS

otherwise, the argument prevailed. The bill was defeated.

Now it is undeniable that any regulation that limits the establishment of new canneries in a certain locality does operate in favor of the plants already there. It is also theoretically true that the fisheries should be free to all who want to share them. But we are dealing now, as Mr. Cleveland once tersely said, with a condition, not a theory. And the facts are that the big canneries are already on the spot and that the salmon are being exterminated. It is all very well to say, Drive out the packers and turn the fisheries over to the people. That is high-sounding talk. But what of the $40,000,000 already invested, under Government license and entitled to Government protection, in those fisheries? How about the more than $30,000,000 worth of product added yearly to the world's food supply? What of the taxes paid by that industry toward the Nation's and the Territory of Alaska's support? What of the $7,000,000 in money paid each year to fishermen? And who, incidentally, are "the people"? Are they the comparatively few local fishermen who fish from their own boats and sell to the packers for twenty-five cents per fish? Then if the packers were driven out, to whom would these fishermen sell—to the small canners, of limited capacity? Or are "the people" those of the world who consume the product? And, in the absence of the big operators, who would turn out the world's supply of canned fish? All these are pertinent and insistent questions that must be answered in any solution of the fisheries problem.

The truth is that in the fishing industry, as in others, it is quantity production that makes the industry possible. Besides the large investment required and the great cost of operation at such distances from supplies and markets, there are added to the Alaskan fisheries industry two factors that are imperative to production in great quantities: the shortness of the operating season and the perishable nature of the material. The salmon runs of the various species extend over but the three months of June, July, and August. In that time the entire year's product must be handled. Moreover, it is required by law that no fish may be canned that has been caught longer than forty-eight hours. This means that the fish must be taken in huge numbers and disposed of rapidly—operations that call for large mechanical equipment. How to permit this quantity production and at the same time conserve the source of supply, is the problem that confronts the industry.

It is not quite the impossible one it at first appears, for at this point the salmon itself comes accommodatingly into the situation to make it, under certain conditions, comparatively simple.

The salmon is one of the most prolific of creatures. To its enthusiasm for the reproduction of its kind it adds a sentimental nature and a stubborn disposition. Applied to the perpetuation of its race the combination is all but invincible. Given but half a chance, the salmon will solve the problem by itself.

Salmon spawn in the sandy shallows of fresh-water streams, and, by a singular instinct, in the very places of their own birth. By what uncanny sense, after the two or four or five years, according to the species, that they have been abroad in the sea, they are able to select the precise location of their old home streams, passing up hundreds of others on the way, is one of the mysteries yet to be solved. But upon this sentimental and irresistible desire to lie again in the beds of their fathers rests the one hope of salvation for their kind. Except for this impulse that brings them back for "old home week," there would be no certainty of success in any method devised for their protection. As it is, all that is necessary is to let them pass. Once within the stream, unpreyed upon by enemies, the salmon will see to it that the two thousand golden eggs laid and fertilized by each pair are buried in the sand ready to hatch out in due time into so many multiplications of themselves.

It is the numbers and craft of the salmon's enemies that make all the trouble. The salmon is unfortunate in being a titillating morsel to the palates of other creatures than man. To the hair seal it is a particularly toothsome bit, six or eight ten-pound portions being only a fair day's food for that canny beast, who has a way of attacking by thousands with fatal effect. To the sea-gulls' epicurean fancy for fish eyes and eggs those of the salmon are especially tempting, and are torn from the fish alive while it is fighting its way up stream. The Dolly Varden trout, with ghoulish proclivities, trail in swarms to the spawning-grounds, where they lurk greedily about the parent fish, ready to devour the golden globes as fast as they are deposited. Eagles, too, find in the belligerent live fish, snatched from the shallows, a particularly sportive proposition. These are the salmon's natural enemies, against whom, however, his vigorous propensities are able under normal conditions to maintain a proper balance. It is only when are added to these the traps and nets of man, with Satanic ingenuity strung directly across his invariable right of way, that the final devastation is wrought. Unable to pass into the fresh-water streams, the salmon cannot spawn, and with them die the race. But permitted in sufficient numbers to pass to the spawning-grounds, the salmon will renew themselves two thousand fold.

There have been in force absurdly few regulations on fishing designed to give the salmon that chance. Beyond prohibiting the placing of nets and

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traps within five hundred yards of the mouth of a stream, there have been virtually no effective statutes governing fishing operations. There is no law limiting the amount of fish that can be caught in a district or packed by a company; no law regulating the amount and character of gear employed; no law restricting the operations of fishermen to their own districts. When it has been desirable that these things should be done, they have been accomplished largely through voluntary measures taken by the packers themselves under suggestions from fisheries experts—when taken at all! Those that have seen fit to ignore them have done so.

It is vitally necessary that the Government should have power to order and enforce such measures. To expect to control an industry of the proportions of the Alaskan fisheries by voluntary regulations is absurd. Each year new enterprises are launched, new draughts are made on the supply. Fishing by purse-seiners, admittedly the greatest menace to the industry, is increasing. Floating canneries are becoming numerous. There is no protection for either the large plant or the small one against invasions of its field. The five-hundred-yard limit does not permit a proper escapement of salmon, since it is easy to cut off the run just outside that line. Fishermen intent on their twenty-five cents per fish, and the get-rich-quick concerns, are alike indifferent to consequences. The streams are continuously being depleted, the salmon are being exterminated.

There are five courses that may be taken for salmon conservation: (1) Establishment of reservations in which fishing may be restricted according to the requirements of the case; (2) closed seasons; (3) restrictions on the pack; (4) destruction of natural enemies; (5) artificial propagation. To the first three of these methods there are certain objectionable features. Limiting the number of canneries in a district is protested on the ground that it favors monopoly. To the proposal to declare closed seasons comes the problem of idle plants, depreciation of property, lost markets. Restrictions on the pack resolve themselves into complexities. Shall certain canneries be restricted, others not? If so, on what basis—amount of investment, size of previous packs, extent of equipment? This plan would in effect be discouraging to enterprise and a source of trouble among packers. Shall all canneries be restricted—the total pack limited, permitting unrestrained competition? This would involve a heavy cost of supervision. Saving the salmon through destruction of its natural enemies and restocking of streams by aid of hatcheries are subsidiary methods. With fishing unrestrained, these would be futile. All five procedures are necessary for proper conservation.

But these are technical and complicated measures, none of which applies equally to all situations and localities. Each district, even each stream, calls for its own regulations. No blanket law will serve. Yet if a law were passed to cover every situation, the fisheries laws for Alaska would fill volumes. They could not be got through Congress in a hundred years. The fate of the one good law, proposed last year, is typical of dozens of attempts in the past and prophetic of those of the future. The Bureau of Fisheries has reached the limit of its powers. And it is estimated that but three years more will see the North Pacific salmon virtually exterminated.

This was the critical situation confronting the Alaskan fisheries at the end of the season of 1922, when by an Executive Order of the President the Alaskan Peninsula was declared a fisheries reserve, under the supervision of the Department of Commerce. This reserve is an extension of a small reserve already created for experimental purposes, and covers a large part of the Peninsula, including Kadiak and Afognak districts, Cook Inlet, and Bristol Bay. Over this reserve the Department of Commerce has supreme control. In it packers are permitted to operate, but only on authority of the Government. New canneries may be installed only when and at such points as may be deemed advisable. Operations of packers are regulated and subject to restrictions as to size of pack, gear employed, range of operations, and periods of fishing. In Bristol Bay, where virtually all fishing is conducted with gill-nets, the Department allows each packer a certain uniform number of boats per line of machinery, a "line" being a canning unit that will pack 1,000 cases of salmon a day. The number of fishing boats is decreased, as is also the amount of net employed, while the season has been materially shortened. In other districts where trap-fishing is the order maximum packs have been fixed, and in all cases fishing locations are designated, thus preventing one company from encroaching on another's operations.

The creation of this reservation has the approval of most of the substantial packers affected by it. Those that have been long in the field have without exception signified their readiness to accept any equitable adjustment that will perpetuate the salmon supply. Recognizing the common sense of the move, they also welcome the supervision as a relief from the necessity of fighting one another for their rights. Cannerymen operating in western Alaska predict that the cost of production will be reduced thirty per cent through the protection of fishing rights accorded by the new rulings.

The creation of the reservation has been followed by urgent requests from other sections of Alaska for the same steps to be taken there. Partly in fear of a rush from the reserve district, and partly in realization of the need of conservation measures, these districts have greeted the reservation plan with approval. Central Alaska favors extension of the westward reserve to include Prince William Sound, while southeastern Alaska is clamoring for protection. Chambers of Commerce in the various coast towns have indorsed the reservation plan. One head of a large canning syndicate offers to appropriate $25,000 a year for four years to assist immigration to Alaska, with a view to encouraging a permanent fishing population there, if a reservation is declared.

On the other hand, vociferous objections have been registered from the same quarter that defeated the bill of two years ago. Ostensibly championing the small canner, this attack again declares that the reservation discriminates in favor of the established concerns. Of course on the honest administration of the reserve depends its justification. But that it will probably develop that none will profit more in the long run from a proper regulation of the fisheries than the small operator is evidenced by the fact that almost to a man the small operators declared in favor of the bill at hearings held by Secretary Hoover on his recent visit to Alaska. It not only conserves the supply; it protects the small packer from encroachments by the big ones. Properly administered, the system will entail only a temporary hardship which rehabilitation of the industry will remedy. When the source of supply has been regulated to a stable basis, all will have equal rights and privileges. The important thing right now, declares the Government, is to save the salmon. The hypothetical rights of prospective canners can very properly be subordinated to that. Unless the salmon are conserved, the Administration points out, there will be no fishing for any one anywhere.

The reservation plan is approved by intelligent opinion throughout the Territory. Awake, not quite too late, to the value of the fish that lays the golden egg, those most concerned with the saving of the world's supply of a highly nutritious and economical food approve of the expedient for perpetuating the industry. Only proper regulation and supervision will do this. The recent move on the part of the Government is the first important step taken in that direction.

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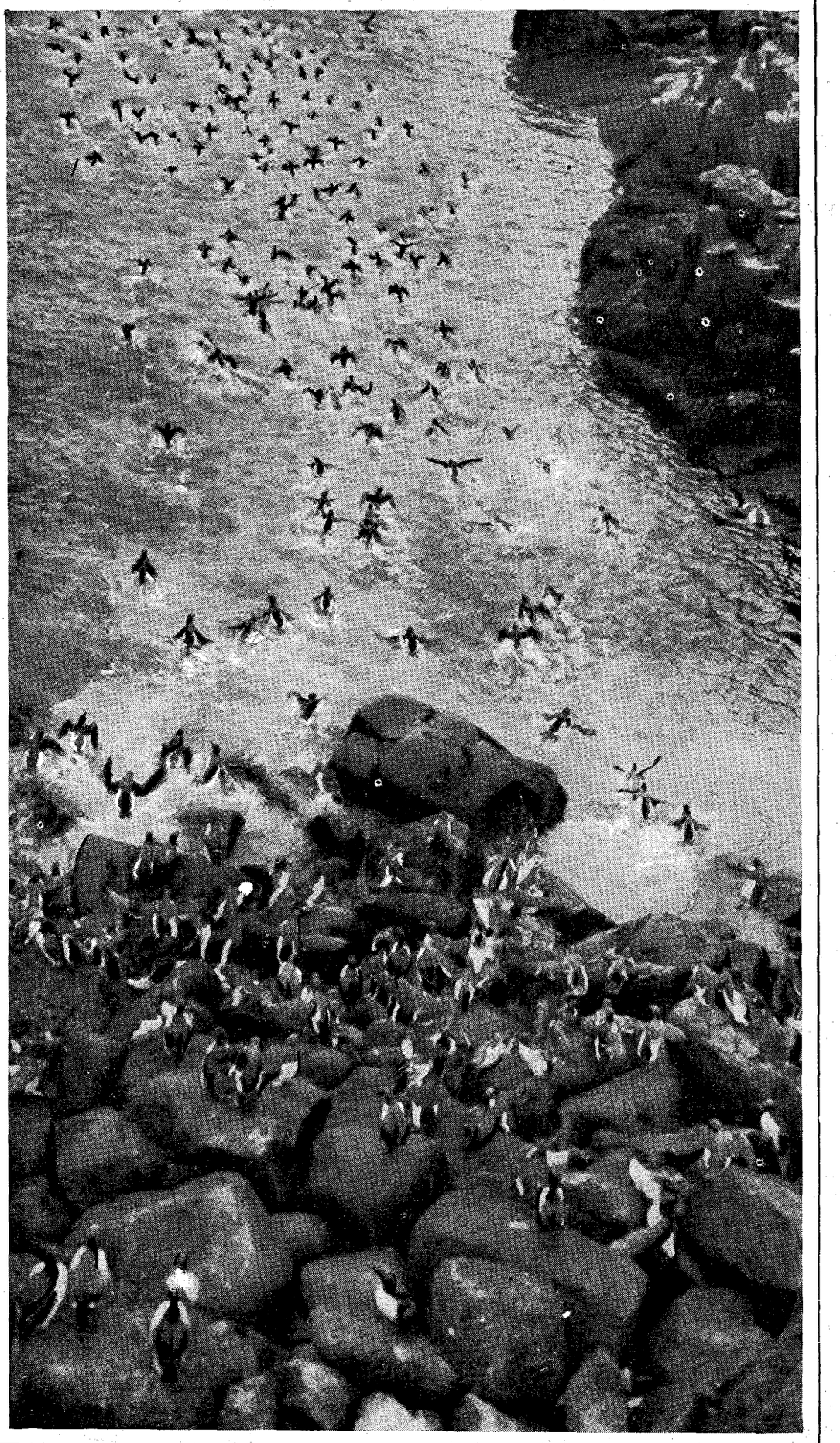
BIRD LIFE IN ALASKA



Walrus Island, lying in the Bering Sea, off Alaska, harbors great flocks of sea birds. Those here pictured just as they were startled into flight are murres, whose coloring is a striking combination of black and white. They lay their eggs on the bare rocks, without nesting, but each bird is said to know her own though the rocks may be covered with eggs. The murres arrive here in the spring for the mating period, and leave in the autumn for the west coast of South America

International

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THE BOOK TABLE

ROYAL BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

I HAVE before me "Books for Masters and Misses of all Ages," as the old New England printer, Isaiah Thomas, used to say in his advertisements. There is no brain fag this year to the reviewer's task; there is joy in the very sight of the richly covered volumes, there is satisfaction in the wise choice of the publishers, there is thankfulness that the style in which many of the newest books is written is spontaneous. Grown-up self-consciousness toward the young is gradually disappearing in their literature. Grown-up manipulation of juvenile stories is now becoming discounted.

Do you realize what this means? No longer will it be needful for "The Water Babies" to be drawn through a filter and served up diluted. No longer will the squeamish mother be encouraged to faint at the sight of red blood in fairy tales. At last there are being brought to the task of editing books for the young those who have a real vision for the revision. Easy reading no longer seems to be half-starved with monosyllables. The Great Giant Fact does not occupy the entire road to childhood. There is a changed attitude toward the child's book, and this season's publications support the assertion.

The publishers and the librarians are the leaders in this reformation. It is to them that the writer should be thankful for freedom from a false theory of writing for the young. The reissues of past good books for the nursery show that the writers of the past were not entirely worried by educational requirement. Their stilted manner has charm in a mannerless age. My eye is caught by a set of small books that glint on the shelf like Wordsworth's host of dancing daffodils. One would not like such small books ever to grow up; they are as appealing as is a four-year-older to look at; they are riches in small packages. What greater joy, for instance, than Mrs. Fairstar's "Memoirs of a London Doll," or Miss Mulock's "The Little Lame Prince," or Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" with his own illustrations! Silhouette medallions in a rich orange glow of background, imaginative end papers rollicking in the "Peter Pan Picture Book." No youngster could resist them. There are six titles. In the olden times one used to buy a bundle of behaviors—the forerunner of to-day's book of etiquette. I find "Charlie and His Kitten Topsy" an ethical mine—better than the Goops, pervasively interesting, subtly remonstrative. So I check off this "Little Library" [1] as of the royal family.

Blue covers in a set of twelve "Children's Classics" [2] make me pause. Here too is fair literary weather. What more could you ask for than "Alice in Wonderland" with the Tenniel drawings that helped to make the story famous; "English Fairy Tales," pictured charmingly by Arthur Rackham; Warwick Goble's pen pictures for Stevenson's "Treasure Island;" a well-pictured Lambs' "Tales from Shakespeare;" the Brothers Grimm's "Household Tales" with the original Walter Crane drawings; and so on through "Æsop's Fables," "Gulliver's Travels," Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," Dickens's "A Christmas Carol"? Where the blue begins in this series is where the reading child is most likely to wander to his future enrichment. Whoever planned this series understands the temperature of child interest. Another check in favor of royalty.

It is my object to deluge you with the good things of this season in order to prove my thesis, which follows. Such librarians as Miss Hunt, of Brooklyn, are to be thanked for their vigil and care of the good things written for the nursery. It is to Miss Hunt's enthusiastic recollection that we are indebted for the reprint of "Memoirs of a London Doll." She rehabilitates another—the delightful "Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosetta," [3] by Baroness des Chesnez, with a cover as fresh as spring, end papers as gay as playtime in the garden, and a story as adventurous and new in French atmosphere as the most recent fiction. Such books were crowded out in the past; they are like new vistas in the present.

I go to my shelves and take down stately books that have come from the press only yesterday; the love of publishing for the sake of the good thing has not passed. It is true that Cervantes's "Don Quixote" [4] is the same whatever its format, but I defy a lad not to be held by the impressionistic illustrations of Jean de Bosschère, as puppet-like, some of them, as Tony Sarg's delightful puppets. I recall my first reading of Scott's "Ivanhoe" [5] in a musty volume whose print was relieved by no pictures. The new edition before me quivers with romance and chivalry in the color plates of Frank E. Schoonover. The same may be said of "Quentin Durward," [6] which comes fresh to us this year in two editions, the one pictured by C. Bosseron Chambers in delightful richness of color and display of dramatic sense; the other pictured by Percy Tarrant.

What prompts the issue of such books? Harpers and Scribners were the first to encourage these sumptuous reprints. It may be that the artists came with a desire to do their favorites. It may be that Howard Pyle created a school of art pledged to childhood glory. For on my shelves the past five years or more there have come to stay such pictured classics as the old-time nursery never dreamed of. The American magazines may have helped the good cause along. Maxfield Parrish's color plates for the "Arabian Nights" appeared originally in a weekly. And this year's illustrations for a portfolio-like "Boys and Girls of Bookland," [7] done by Jessie Willcox Smith, constituted the year's covers of a popular monthly.

But that is not the whole story of the publishers' reissue of the best books for children. It is the pleasure of doing a thing well. And the impulse leads from one golden deed to another. Mead Schaeffer illustrated "Moby Dick" last year in a fashion which fired our heart anew for Herman Melville, one of our great writers, though we didn't seem to know it until John Masefield told us so in the Everyman Library. End papers, color plates, and type proved a royal blessing. What is more natural than that Mr. Schaeffer should follow it with "Typee," [8] equally beautiful, equally enthralling?

But we may rightly ask ourselves, Would these books be born again year by year if there were not a demand for them? Certainly not. And therefore there is honor due our reading public that has ceased to be thoughtless in the buying of books. Of course such editions are not strictly juvenile, any more than such stories are. It is so constituted that among a hundred million people there are a few hundred thousands with young memory still fresh, and it is to these the gala books of childhood also appeal.

Not a little of the value of Children's Book Week may be put on the side of the ledger pertaining to grown-ups. 'Tis indeed a fine thing to renew

[1] The Little Library. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1 each.

[2] The Children's Classics. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75 each.

[3] Lady Green Satin and Her Maid Rosetta: The History of Jean Paul and His Little White Mice. Translated from the French of the Baroness E. Martineau des Chesnez. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[4] The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Cervantes. Based on Shelton's Translation of 1620. Illustrations by Jean de Bosschère. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $7.50.

[5] Ivanhoe. By Walter Scott. Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

[6] Quentin Durward. By Walter Scott. One edition illustrated by C. Bosseron Chambers, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, $3.50; the other, illustrated by Percy Tarrant, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, $3.50.

[7] Boys and Girls of Bookland. By Nora Archibald Smith. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.50.

[8] Typee. By Herman Melville. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

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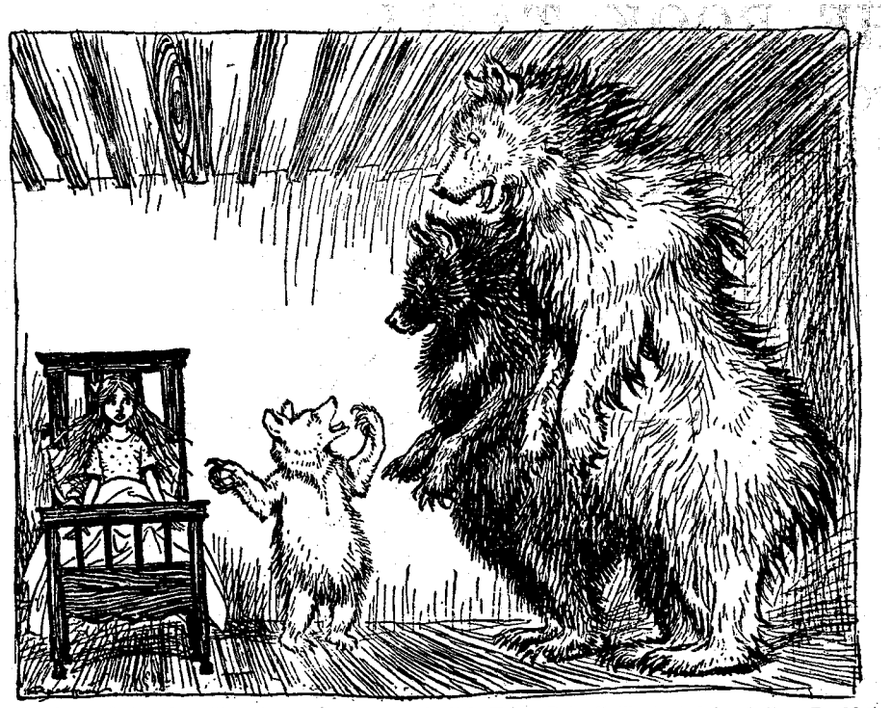

Courtesy of the Macmillan Company. From "English Fairy Tales," illustrated by Arthur Rackham

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED—AND HERE SHE IS!"

acquaintance with "Oliver Twist" [9] in this year's dress; and "The Count of Monte Cristo" [10] and "Twenty Years After." [11] And those lovers of the sea will never outgrow W. Clark Russell's "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," [12] heightened by the imagination of Mead Schaeffer as illustrator. I recall a friend of mine who, on the birth of her child, gave it a set of Thackeray which the family very much needed! Finger prints on such books as I have enumerated will show the whole family rather than the nursery.

Outside the realm of the reissues the field of juvenile literature this year is particularly commendable. Since I have been a reviewer of nursery literature there has been a yearly struggle to recommend suitable stories for the extremely young. What the process has been which has wakened writers to the need and given them the ability to cope with the situation I cannot say. But that something has happened is clearly realized this year. I never saw the alphabet take on more glorious feeling than in the "A B C Book," [13] by C. B. Fall. There is only one way of learning the alphabet poetically—cut it on wood, as Mr. Fall has; there is a noble decorativeness to his book which gives us native pride, and his animals, thank goodness! do not come from unnatural history. What a delight is Mary and Margaret Baker's "The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife," [14] with plenty of silhouettes, plenty of white paper, and plenty of simple narrative—an artistically arranged story for the interest of four and five year olders. There is goodly offering in the Misses Skinner's "A Very Little Child's Book of Stories," [15] and healthful humor in "Susanna's Auction," [16] a moral tale which drives home poignantly the necessity for good behavior. There is an odd-shaped book, remindful of the Caldecott days, in Hugh Lofting's "The Story of Mrs. Tubbs," [17] and some dramatizations for the young of familiar tales [18] like "Goldilocks," "Bluebeard," "St. George and the Dragon," and the "Sleeping Beauty," which have about them originality and dramatic movement.

There is not a year passes but the accepted paths of children's reading are filled with volumes that show distinction, maybe too much distinction for the young mind, but notwithstanding a high seriousness which indicates a willingness to give girls and boys of the best. It will be of immense value to follow the reception of Louis Untermeyer's "This Singing World," [19] an anthology of modern poems, for, beautiful and tasteful as the selections are, the note and lilt of the majority of them are for the grown world most predominantly. Poetry knows no age limit, and Mr. Untermeyer's book is a joy of recent birth—there are none of the old anthology standbys in it—but children look for something more than reticence in the choice of words. Many of these poets sing to the child heart, but not with the child heart. On the other hand, M. G. Edgar's "Treasury of Verses for Little Children" [20] falls short in its limited selection of the conventional, and is lacking in its groupings, which are the distinctive features of Mr. Untermeyer's collection. A worthy anthology of the old type is Helen Dean Fish's "The Boy's Book of Verse." [21] Of single volumes of rhymes, I know of nothing better to recommend than Walter de la Mare's "A Child's Day," [22] the obvious in daily experience hitched to a star. That's the real child's poem.

Space grows shorter, and I do not want to find that my enthusiasm for this year's publications for the nursery has crowded out my thesis. But I gather in my arms a few of the assorted joys of my winnowing, and pass them on. No parent can afford to ignore Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Pigeons," [23] a continuation of last year's stories, and an unabated sweep of fancy, satire, incongruity, and poetry—a mixture which one finds in the very best folk-lore. Nor will such a parent as I am talking to fail to be enthralled with Greville Macdonald's "Billy Barnicoat," [24] a Cornwall fairy romance of exceptional worth. I turn to Carl Ewald's "The Old Willow Tree," [25] and find charm and poetry and personified nature delightfully handled. I pick up Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Jungle Beasts and Men," [26] and get a breath of the jungle with the persistent music of poetry and adventure. I balance in both hands the delightful reprint of Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," [27] which is a New England document as well as a milepost of child life, and Archibald Marshall's "Audacious Ann," [28] a simple story with a girl's psychology which should be studied by many writers of the conventional college story.

All of this by way of a reminder of the fact that we are passing

[9] Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.50.

[10] The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated by Sybil Tawse. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

[11] Twenty Years After. By Alexandre Dumas. Illustrated by Rowland Wheelwright. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

[12] The Wreck of the Grosvenor. By W. Clark Russell. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

[13] A B C Book. By C. B. Fall. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.

[14] The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife. By Mary and Margaret Baker. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

[15] A Very Little Child's Book of Stories. Edited by Ada M. and Eleanor L. Skinner. Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

[16] Susanna's Auction. From the French. With illustrations by MB. de Monvel. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

[17] The Story of Mrs. Tubbs. By Hugh Lofting. Illustrated by the author. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.25.

[18] Plays for Children. By S. Lyle Cummins. Vol. I—Bluebeard; Haroun El Raschid. Vol II—St. George and the Dragon; The Sleeping Beauty. Vol. III—Goldilocks and the Three Bears; Torquil MacFerron; Thomas Olifant; Tyranny. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1 each.

[19] This Singing World: Modern Poems for Children. Selected by Louis Untermeyer. Illustrations by Florence W. Ivins. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

[20] A Treasury of Verses for Little Children. Selected by M. G. Edgar. Illustrations by Willy Pogány. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

[21] The Boy's Book of Verse. By Helen Dean Fish. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

[22] A Child's Day: A Book of Rhymes. By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.75.

[23] Rootabaga Pigeons. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

[24] Billy Barnicoat: A Fairy Romance for Young and Old. By Greville Macdonald. Illustrated by Francis Bedford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

[25] The Old Willow Tree, and Other Stories. By Carl Ewald. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.75.

[26] Jungle Beasts and Men. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

[27] The Story of a Bad Boy. By T. B. Aldrich. Illustrated by Harold M. Brett. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

[28] Audacious Ann. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

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h another Children's Book a Nation-wide effort to bring etely to the minds of people that vay to encourage books is to buy ... , and the way to encourage good books is to buy good books. According to the way I see this movement organized—and every city, village, and town has its book display, its pageant—no one is allowed to forget that children's books of the best kind are within easy reach. It is a movement to create a state of mind, but no state of mind can be created unless "it is shown." Year by year, before this movement was instituted, the libraries did their good work, raising signposts to the royal road of reading. Only indirectly have the schools assisted. Prescribed reading has created the text-book, but only love of reading makes it possible for books of quality to be issued. And I take it as a sign of victory for the libraries when the publishers yearly increase their output of good things. I find authors dedicating their books to libraries. No one has done more for the cause of good reading in recent years than Miss Annie Carroll Moore, of the New York Public Library; Miss Clara Hunt, of the Brooklyn Public Library; and Miss F. J. Olcott, a librarian turned author. It is to these that the publishers went when they wanted to know exactly what the attitude of the library world was in its weeding out of the mass of writing once done for childhood—writing which lacked any of the quality that left behind it worth-while remembrance or added one increment to character. And these librarians have practiced what they preached; Miss Hunt, by suggesting books out of the past to be made present; Miss Moore, this year by her "Nicholas,"[29] a Christmas tale of Manhattan, which carries with it a map as delightful in its imaginative scope as the map of fairyland issued some years ago.

This movement which is known as Children's Book Week is something more than a scheme for the selling of books. It is a tilling of the soil for the blossoming forth of good taste. Our education is all on the side of usefulness; we need in every direction the counter-irritant of good taste. Children's Book Week seems to say to me, "When you see a good thing, pass it along." And the American Library Association went even further; it said: "When you see a children's book that is distinctively good, give it recognition;" hence they established the Newberry Medal, which in its two years' existence has been bestowed on Van Loon for his "History of Mankind" and Hugh Lofting for his "Mr. Dolittle." Shall I prophesy, Mr. Sandburg . . . ?

[29] Nicholas: A Christmas Story of Manhattan. By Annie Carroll Moore. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.

And that is why I started this article with recommendations. You can generalize on children's books; but when there's a child in the house you have to get down to hard tacks. Library recommendations can go only so far. They can say, "Our experience with children is this." But unless you can supplement their evidence with your watchfulness, their advice is of no avail. Children's Book Week, therefore, is a time for parents to take an inventory. Open up the windows of a child's imagination, dust out the cobwebs of his mind, keep his tongue clean for the good taste which comes with a healthy mind, let his reach exceed his grasp; just so his interest holds on somewhere, give him what he wants, but so arrange his shelves as to make him want what is good. The publishers are with you there. The output of children's literature has improved fifty per cent. Children's Book Week says, "Keep the good work up." If I were writing a "Children's Progress," I should sum up the situation at present in these terms: "Desire-to-Read was bright and lively, but Required-Reading was a sullen child." The Children's Book Week has everything to do with Desire-to-Read. It guides to the Well-of-Deep-Seeing, but also to the Swing-of-Constant-Delight.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR (THE). By Harold Bell Wright. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

About the only good things that can be said of Mr. Wright's new story are that it is not offensive in its sensual descriptions, as was "Eyes of the World," nor is it solemnly preachful like some other of his stories. It is a Wild West tale, but such as easily might have been written by a man who had never been west of Chicago. The plot is yellow and preposterous; the wonderful educated wild Indian has about as much reality as a cigar store Red Man; the dear old men who father the heroine in alternate weeks are feeble reflections of Bret Harte miners. The whole thing is artificial and sentimental; it might make a poor "movie;" it certainly isn't good fiction.

OH, DOCTOR! By Harry Leon Wilson. The Cosmopolitan Book Company, New York. $2.

If any one could make the adventures and feelings of a hypochondriac amusing, the author of "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Merton of the Movies" is the man. In fact, the book is decidedly good form, despite a surplus of symptoms, nerve psychology, and pessimistic extracts from Nietzsche. When Rufus Billop, heir to an undertaker's business "with the Billop touch," who has been coddled and talked to about his health until he actually is an invalid, does find out that all he has to do to cheat the doctors is to be a daredevil, his pace is hot and his victory in health and love amazing.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

LIBRARY OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE. Supplement. Edited by Edwin A. Alderman, Charles A. Smith, and John C. Metcalf. The Martin and Hoyt Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

This volume is No. 17 of a great work which has already extended over sixteen volumes. It is the purpose of the editors in this volume to include sketches, bibliography, and specimens of the writing of Southern literary men and women who have come into notice since the publication of the earlier volumes some twelve years ago. This attempt is carried out in a readable and interesting way. Among the authors included are Lady Astor, who is represented by addresses made by her on various occasions, Irvin Cobb, Mrs. Bosher, Ambassador Page, Archibald Rutledge, and several others.

EDUCATIONAL

BIRDS. By A. H. Cordier. Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. $4.

Dr. Cordier not only presents many remarkable photographs of birds in his book, but tells how he made them and how others may learn to photograph living birds. The book does not pretend to be a scientific treatise, but it is the work of a well-informed bird lover who knows his subject thoroughly and writes about it in an entertaining way.

POETRY

DREAM (THE), AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Masefield's well-wishers may quite reasonably find ground for quarreling with him—or with his publishers—for the frequency with which thin volumes of his are being published. A half-dozen poems—and not always of his best—seem sufficient occasion to bring out a volume. Any well-considered collection of his works, later, will be certain to omit some of the material now issuing from the presses every several months. The present volume, embracing a brief narrative and eight shorter pieces, is a case in point. None of this is Masefield at his best; yet a reading of the book through is rewarding as a reminder of Masefield's passion for beauty and of his faith in the permanence of soul, of so much as is spirit, in even the destructible fruit of man's labor. Here, also, are the light and heat of passionate thought that sublimates common things, and the quality of creative and interpretative dream.

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CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

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DAVID MORTON, originally a newspaper writer of Louisville, is now teaching at Morristown, New Jersey. He is the author of "Ships in Harbor," which consists largely of sonnets, and the winner of a Contemporary Verse Prize in 1920.

WILLIAM CHAPIN COLLINS is a native of Seattle, where he has done newspaper and publication work. He is now on the staff of the "Post-intelligencer," a Seattle paper.

SHERMAN ROGERS has just returned from a journey to the Pacific coast. He secured his material on Seattle and the Northwest and the group of photographs of Glacier National Park in the course of this journey. Of his visit to Seattle the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of that city has written us:

> Permit me to express the appreciation of this Chamber, and Seattle generally, for the magnificent work done here by Mr. Sherman Rogers, of your staff. Mr. Rogers has delivered nine addresses before important groups of men and women in this community and has done a great deal to promote unity, quicken our civic spirit, and sell us to ourselves. We feel under heavy obligation to The Outlook for having made this work possible.

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

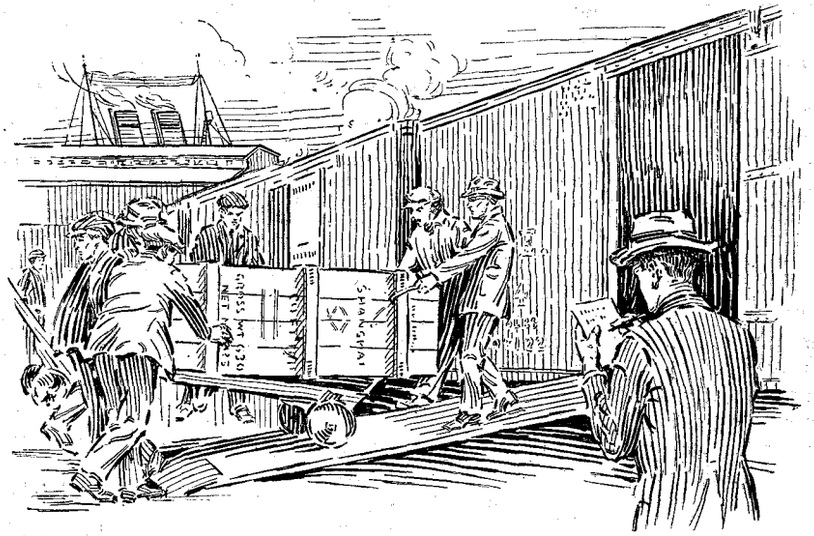
The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SOME THOUGHTS ON INVESTING

THE large investors in this or any other country are few in number when compared with the small investors. In the matter of financial knowledge, however, and in knowledge of investments they are much better off. Few large investors get into serious difficulties, but the little fellows are constantly running into trouble. Which is easy to explain.

The man with a big income has money for investment at frequent intervals, and he already has investments which he must look after. A part of his time, therefore, is regularly taken up by financial matters; he becomes closely acquainted with such things, acquires knowledge and experience, and is not liable to make serious mistakes or overlook opportunities.

The small investor, on the other hand, not being experienced in financial affairs, is more dependent upon others for advice and counsel, and if, as happens frequently, he is afraid to show his ignorance by asking help he goes ahead on his own responsibility and makes mistakes. Curiously enough, the small investor often seems to be



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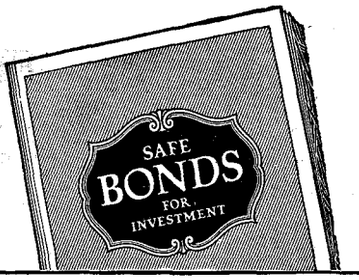
careless in such matters too. One would think that the less a man had the more careful he would be, but it is not always so. An instance of this was furnished in Washington recently at the Investment Bankers Association Convention, when it was disclosed that holders of matured Victory Notes and War Savings Certificates are losing over $7,300 a day in interest because of their failure to present $40,000,000 worth of the former and $22,000,000 worth of the latter for payment. Furthermore, it was reported that more than half a million buyers of Liberty Bonds have failed to exchange their temporary certificates for permanent bonds, and consequently have not received any interest on the investment they made over four years ago. It seems almost incredible that people can be so careless or ignorant.

It is interesting to watch the workings of the small investor's mind. Of course there are many types, good as well as bad, but it is seldom necessary to give attention to good things. One type of investor we run across rather frequently operates more or less as follows: He buys a bond or some shares of stock because some one told him to; he doesn't investigate or find out anything at all about it, but trusts to the often unsolicited information offered him. This information is usually something as definite and valuable as, "So and so is a mighty good buy; I hear it's sure to go up." This is all our friend needs, and he quickly draws his balance out of the bank and becomes a stockholder. A year later the stock is being offered for twenty points less than he paid, and when he accidentally discovers this fact two alternatives always seem to suggest themselves to him—to throw his holdings overboard as speedily as possible, or to buy more stock in the hope of its advancing to its former price. Many, many times we are asked to decide this problem, and it is a difficult one. But it seems to us there is but a single method of approach to it, and this is not the one which usually occurs to the owner of the investment.

If a man owns a stock or a bond, and conditions arise that force him to consider the advisability of disposing of his investment, in our opinion he should forget what he paid for it, and, for that matter, what he can sell it for. In other words, price should be a secondary and not a primary factor in the matter. Presumably if a man buys a stock, he considers it a good investment and a suitable one for him to own. If circumstances are changed, he should regard them in the light of the present and forget the past. A stock which at par seemed a suitable investment may at eighty still be suit-



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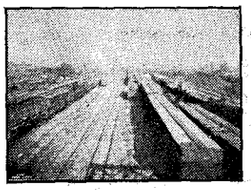

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The principal rail and water terminals of Seattle, plants of Sears Roebuck & Co., Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., and hundreds of others, are located within this district, which has an assessed value of $14,736,714 and a real value of about $30,000,000. The District's total bonded indebtedness is $800,000.

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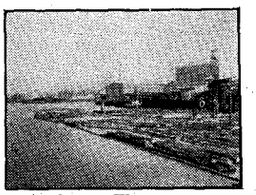

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Resources more than $500,000,000

able or it may not. If it drops from par to eighty, however, the fact that it once sold at par is somewhat beside the p int. Is it a good investment now? Is it an investment that I can afford to own? These are the questions to ask one's self, and on the answer depends the decision of whether to hold, to sell, or to buy more.

There are reasons why a stock declines twenty points, and if a stock once sold at par and now sells at eighty the chances are that it is not as good an investment as formerly. Possibly the dividend is in danger because earnings have fallen off. It may be that conditions in the money market have forced all security prices down. If the stock has become speculative and the owner cannot afford to incur the risks incident to owning speculative securities, he should sell. If, on the other hand, he feels he can incur some risk and he decides that the troubles are but temporary ones, he is justified in holding on. The point we are trying to make, however, is that it is the present condition of things that count, and the investor should consider the case on its merits and forget everything else. In other words, a cold-blooded, judicial mind is of great advantage to any investor.

The proposition of buying more of a stock which has declined in price in order to "average down" or enhance the possibilities of profit is rather dangerous business. It is primarily the device of the speculator rather than the investor. Any one can see that if a stock has declined in market value there must be a reason for it, and it is natural to suppose that these reasons have made the stock less desirable from the standpoint of an investment; it may have been a good investment at par, a semi-speculative investment at eighty, and an out-and-out risk at sixty. If an investment turns into a speculation, is it good business not only to hold on to the speculation, but to risk still more money in it?

It is a fairly simple matter to decide upon securities to buy. It is often exceedingly difficult to tell what ones to sell and when to do it. And yet it seems to us that there are many arguments in favor of the statement that success in investing depends more upon selling than upon buying. It is like a man behind a runaway horse; he doesn't know whether to jump or whether to sit tight and hang on for all he's worth and hope things will turn out all right; if he does the wrong thing, he may be ruined for life, but he must make his decision quickly, and, once carried out, there is no appeal. He must stand by it, and

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when one of two things can happen the chances are just as much in favor of one of them being wrong as right.

At the present moment stock prices are considerably below the high levels of the year. Many people own stocks which would show a substantial loss if converted into cash at current prices. We have seen predictions made that business is sound, is getting better, and that prices are ridiculously low. The newspapers on the day this is written quote Judge Gary in explanation of the United States Steel Corporation's extra dividend as saying, "I have unbounded faith in our country, and we feel very confident regarding the near future." Two days ago, however, we heard a broker say that if people think prices are low now they'd better wait six months and they'll look back and wonder if prices will ever go to those high levels again. And there you are.

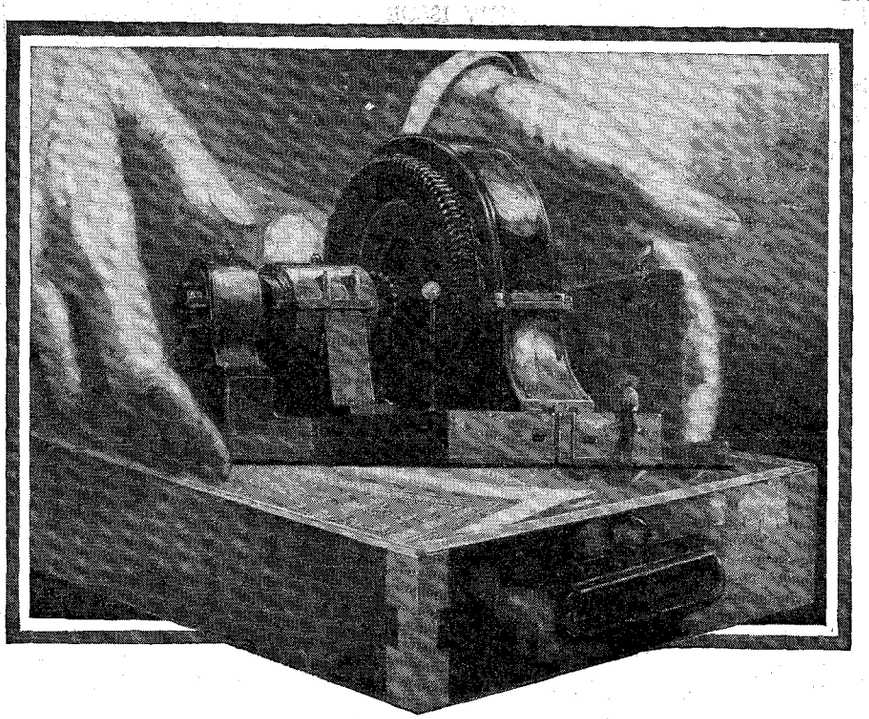
Differences of opinion are bound to exist, and investing, like all things in this life, is not without its element of uncertainty.

In the last analysis, the individual must decide his own course of action, and if he will be cold-blooded and face the facts honestly the chances of his making the proper decision will be greatly increased. Certainly there is no excuse for carelessness, and yet what other explanation is there of $62,000,000 of Victory Notes and War Savings Certificates matured and not presented for payment? It must be true that this is a very rich country if such a thing can happen. People so lax as to overlook such things do not deserve to accumulate a safe-deposit box full of securities. People who buy without investigating their purchases do not deserve to be successful. People who speculate should not complain if they lose. People who are ignorant should not be afraid to ask questions; no one can criticise ignorance, but if the ignorant person makes no effort to correct his lack of knowledge he deserves what he gets. And, finally, if people who do not take care of their possessions lose them they have no cause for complaint.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Will you tell me how the present earnings of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company compare with last year? What dividend does this company pay and what is the selling price of the shares?

A. For September, 1923, gross revenues were $5,796,462 and net $2,521,290, compared with $5,645,669 and $2,469,429 for September, 1922. For the nine months ended September 30, 1923, gross revenues totaled $53,341,075, with net totaling $23,065,637, compared with $47,861,878 and $20,377,031, respectively, for the corresponding period in 1922. This stock pays $9 a share a year in dividends,



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and its closing price November 3 was 123½.

Q. What is the present quotation for German marks? Do you think they will go up?

A. The most recent transaction in German marks which has come to our attention was a block of a trillion which sold for thirty cents. Many people considered the purchaser had paid too high a price. We heard a banker asked if he thought marks would go up, and we quote his reply for what it is worth; he said, "Yes; 'up the spout.'"

Q. Does Loew's stock pay dividends? If so, at what rate, and what is the market price of the shares?

A. On November 3 the directors of Loew's, Inc., declared a dividend of 50 cents a share, payable December 31 to holders of record December 15. If this rate is maintained quarterly, the stock will be on an annual dividend basis of $2 a share. This dividend is the first since June, 1921. The stock is quoted at about $18 a share.

Q. Will you please tell me if Federal Farm Loan Bonds are considered high-grade investments? Is it true that they are exempt from the Federal income tax?

A. Federal Farm Loan bonds are rated very high-grade investments. They are exempt not only from the Federal income tax, but from all State income taxes as well.

Q. Please mention a half-dozen issues of preferred stock of public utility companies which are well regarded; also their par value, selling price, and dividend rate.

A. Pacific Gas and Electric 6 per cent, selling around 88; Niagara Falls Power Company 7 per cent, selling around 107; Southern California Edison 7 per cent, selling around 102; North American Company 6 per cent ($50 par) selling around 43; Montana Power 7 per cent, selling around 104; Philadelphia Electric 8 per cent ($25 par), selling around 31. Unless otherwise specified, par value is in every case $100 a share.

Q. Is it possible to purchase shares in some of the large New York City banks, and, if so, can you give the price per share of stock in the National City Bank, the Mechanics and Metals, Park, Seaboard, Chase, and First National?

A. There is not a particularly active market in most New York bank stocks, but there are a number of reputable dealers in unlisted securities through whom such stocks may be purchased. The shares are usually quoted on a "bid" and "asked" basis, and we give them to you in that way.

	Bid	Asked
National City	341	345
Mechanics and Metals	375	380
Park	415	422
Seaboard	373	380
Chase	338	345
First National	1280	1290

The quotations are in dollars. "Bid" means what the owner is offered, and "asked" is what he says he will sell for.

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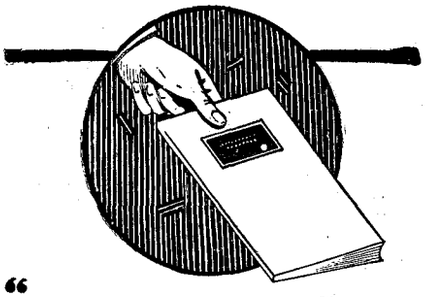

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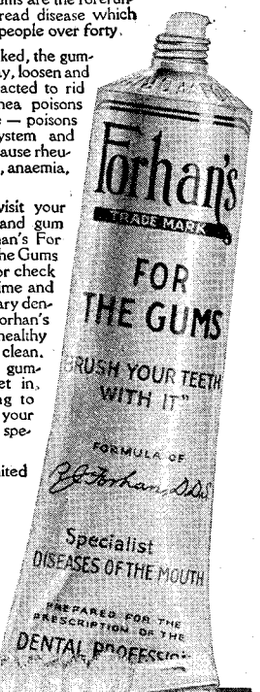

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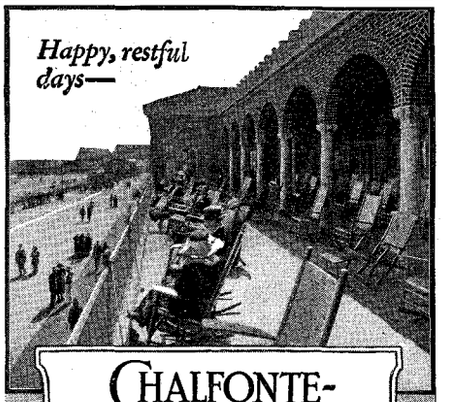

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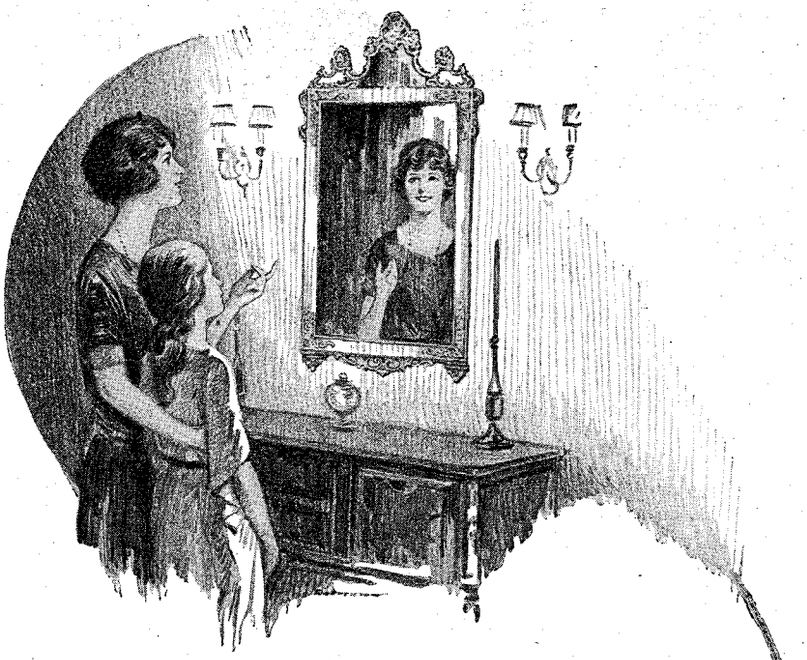

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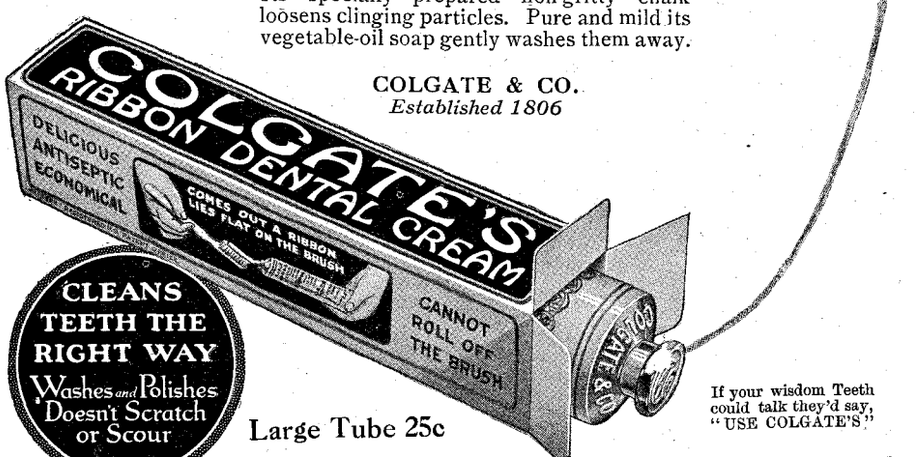
COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806



CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
Washes and Polishes
Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Large Tube 25c

If your wisdom Teeth could talk they'd say, "USE COLGATE'S"

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

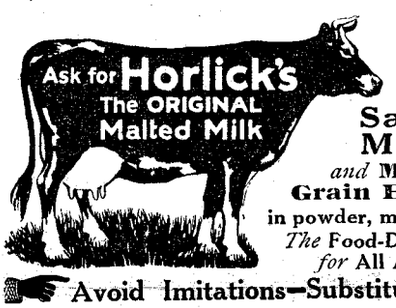
DON'T WEAR A TRUSS

BE COMFORTABLE—
Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salves or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of *imitations*. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. 'None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

MR. C. E. BROOKS

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 374 State St., Marshall, Mich.

H. & N. GEORGIA PAPER SHELL PECANS
Schley, F.O.B. Albany, Georgia, cash with order. One-pound boxes $1.00, five-pound boxes $4.75, ten-pound boxes $9.00. HITCHCOCK & NEWSOM, Box 226, Albany, Georgia.



Safe Milk *and* Malt Grain Ext. in powder, makes *The* Food-Drink *for* All Ages

Avoid Imitations—Substitutes

BY THE WAY

IN one of Professor Huxley's letters to Alexander Agassiz, published in the "Yale Review" for October, this heartfelt tribute of an invalid to the virtue of work occurs: "I hope I am mending, but I am good for very little. You have certainly earned the right to do more work for yourself and I hope you will exercise it. The happiest of all conditions is to be hard at work for what one cares for."

There are many "devil's bridges" in Europe, and nearly all have legends to account for the name. One of the most picturesque of these Satanic bridges is in Wales, at Aberystwyth. The story, as told by an English writer, is that Megan Llandunach was one day at her wits' end to know how to bring her only cow across the chasm. The devil then appeared to her and offered to bridge the gorge if, in return, he might have the first living thing that crossed it. Megan agreed, and the devil, thinking the woman would be the first to pass, flung down his bridge. But Megan was no fool. Taking a crust from her pocket, she threw it to the other side of the gorge and sent her dog after it. The outwitted devil, so the story goes, took his defeat very sensibly and left his bridge there for future generations of the clever Welsh.

From the "Type Metal Magazine:"

There was once a business man who would tell his secretary to get Mr. Jones or somebody on the telephone; and then he would start to look for some papers, or otherwi busy himself, and the se would have to say, "I re a minute, please. Mr. S wants to talk to you."

One day his telephone rang, and when he lifted the receiver he heard a sweet voice say, "Hold the wire for five hours, please; Mr. Jones wishes to speak to you."

Then Mr. Jones got on the wire and said, "Did it ever occur to you, Smith, that if, just once a day for every one of the three hundred working days in the year, you have your secretary call somebody up and keep each man waiting one minute, you are spoiling five perfectly good working hours for the bunch? It didn't? Well, that is why I asked my secretary to call you."

From "Vanity Fair:"

"I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business." "Did he take it kindly?" "He threw me out of his office."

"What is 'alright' doing in your pages?" a subscriber asks. "I can't bear to see it. It is creeping into the 'best sellers,' along with 'like he, she, and it did' and kindred horrors. The movies also flaunt it. But when it

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